

Shadow

COMICS 10¢



Featuring
**"Death In
The Stars"**

Message to Parents

IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared safe by your health department.

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part

of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.



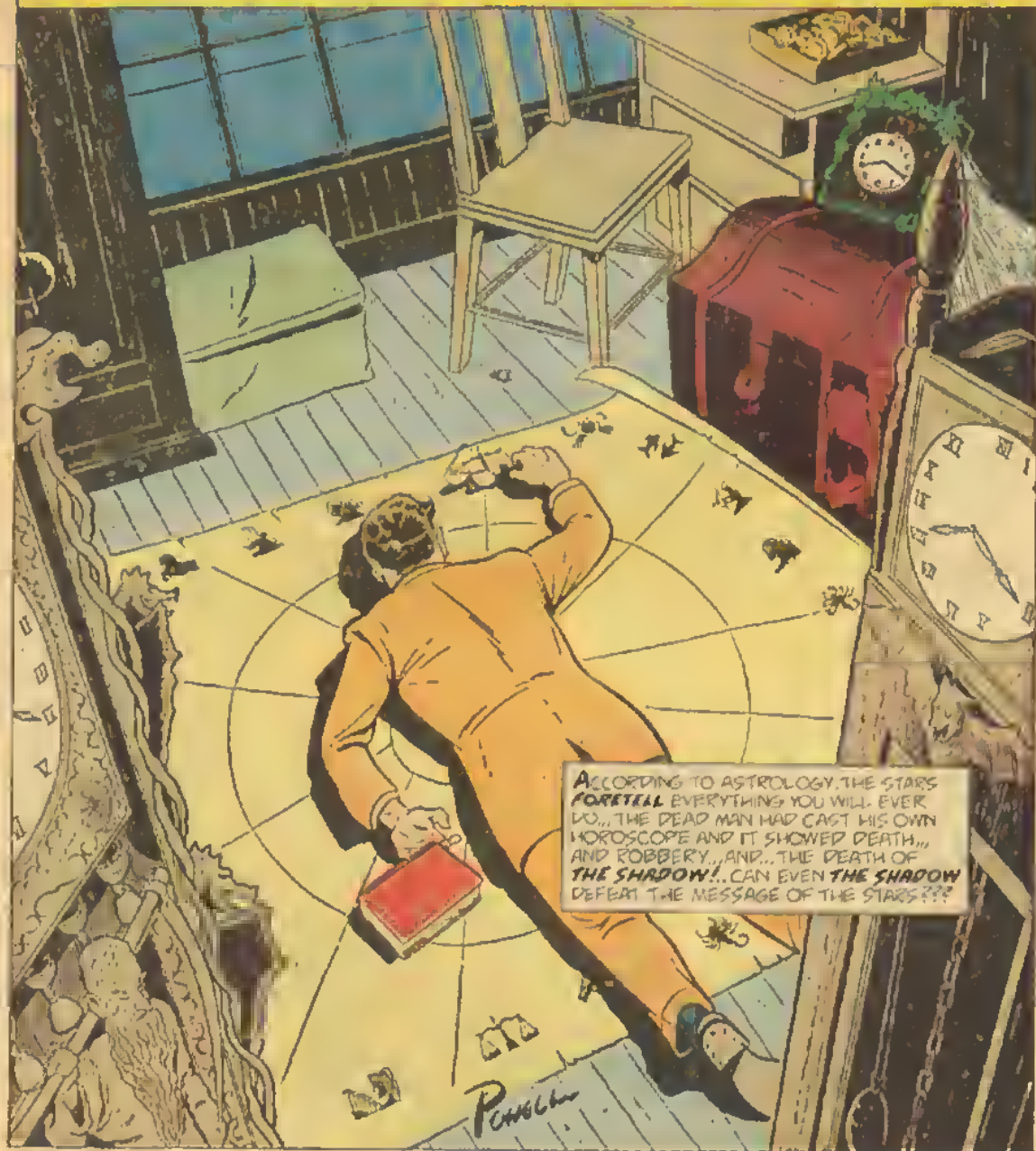
Cut out and keep for reference.

THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

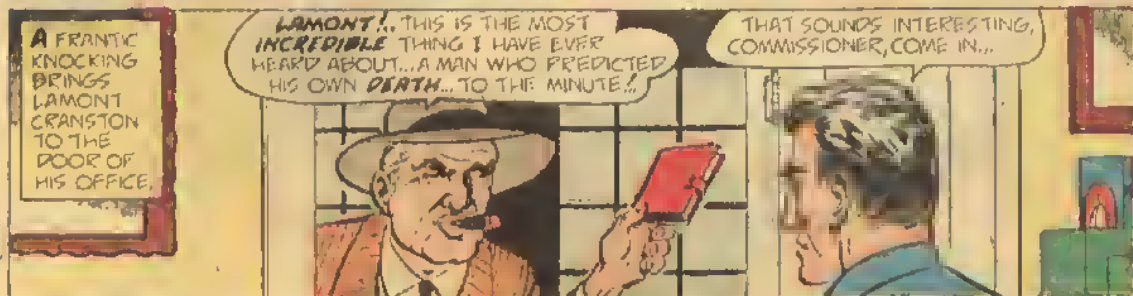
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DEATH IN THE SHADOW STARS



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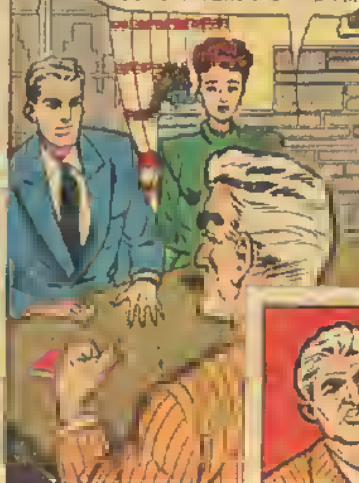


TUNE IN EACH WEEK TO THE OF THE **SHADOW**

COMMISSIONER, I'M A LITTLE SURPRISED AT YOU...LET'S SAY THAT COINCIDENTALLY THIS WATCHMAKER DID DIE WHEN HE HEARD THE THOUGHT HE WOULD...WHAT OF IT?
 WH...WHAT OF IT?
 OOH!! YOU HAVEN'T HEARD THE NEWS! IN THIS DIARY HE SAYS THAT FOUR HOURS AFTER HIS DEATH THERE WILL BE A STUPID ROBBERY AT THE PIER OF THE SS. ATLANTIS...



WELL?... NOT WELL AT ALL! WE DISREGARDED IT, THOUGHT IT WAS SOME SILLY IDEA OF A CRACKPOT... I HAVE JUST COME FROM THE PIER...



WESTON'S STORY...EARLIER...

TWO TRUCKS BACKED ONTO THE PIER...MEN GOT OUT OF THE TRUCKS...



THREATENING SOME LONGSHOREMEN WITH SUB-MACHINE GUNS THEY LOADED ALL THE BARRELS INTO THE TRUCKS...



SOME POLICE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING MORE THAN SNAP SOME SHOTS AT THE TRUCKS... THEY ESCAPED...



I SEE...WHAT WAS IN THE BARRELS?

THAT WAS THE MOST ASTOUNDING THING! JUST AS THE DIARY PREDICTED IT WAS THE THEFT OF VALUELESS LOOT... BARRELS OF NOTHING BUT OIL; PERHAPS FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS WORTH OF OIL.



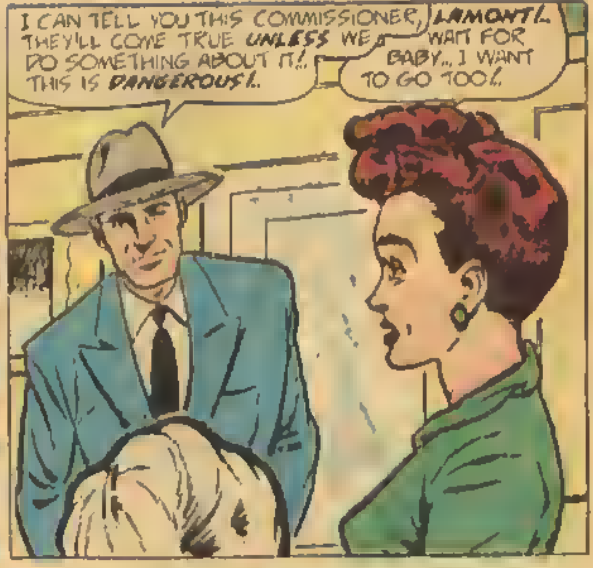
THRILLING

ADVENTURES

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION

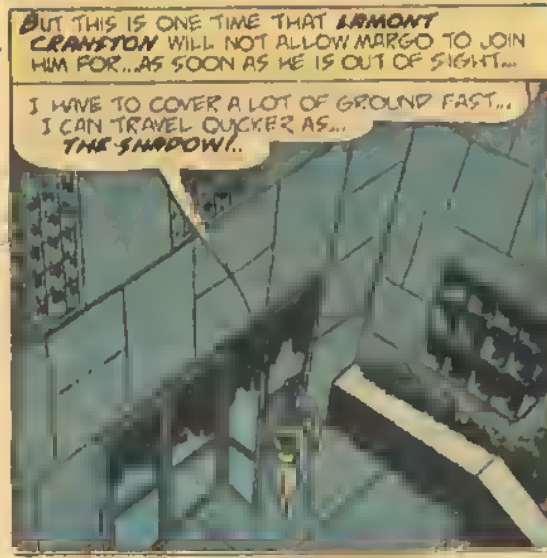


STUPID ROBBERY CERTAINLY! THAT'S WHAT HAS WAS RIGHT! HOW SILLY CAN ME SO FRIGHTENED! TO GO TO ALL THAT CAN IT MEAN THAT HIS TROUBLE JUST FOR OTHER PREDICTIONS WILL COME TRUE? A BANK SAFE CRACKING AT 4:30...AND THE SHADOW'S DEATH...AT 4:47AM!



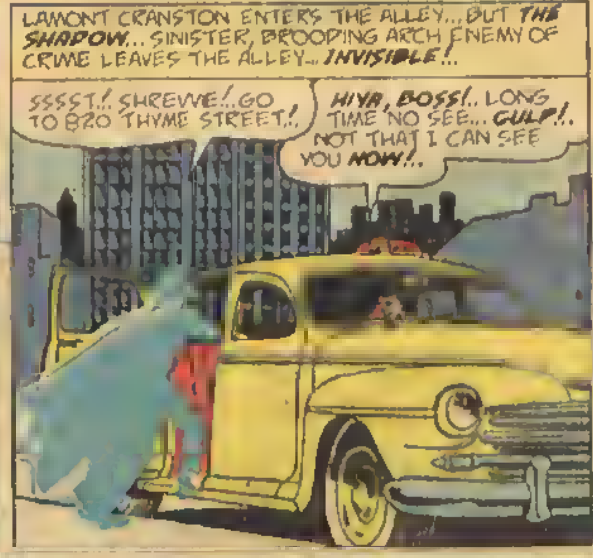
I CAN TELL YOU THIS COMMISSIONER, LAMONT! THEY'LL COME TRUE UNLESS WE WAIT FOR DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! BABY...I WANT TO GO TOO!

THIS IS DANGEROUS!



BUT THIS IS ONE TIME THAT LAMONT CRANSTON WILL NOT ALLOW MARGO TO JOIN HIM FOR...AS SOON AS HE IS OUT OF SIGHT...

I HAVE TO COVER A LOT OF GROUND FAST... I CAN TRAVEL QUICKER AS... THE SHADOW!



LAMONT CRANSTON ENTERS THE ALLEY... BUT THE SHADOW... SINISTER, BROODING ARCH ENEMY OF CRIME LEAVES THE ALLEY... INVISIBLE!

SSST! SHREWE! GO TO BRO THYME STREET!

HIYA, BOSS! LONG TIME NO SEE... GULP! NOT THAT I CAN SEE YOU NOW!



I AM HERE TO TELL YOU THAT GOOD WORK! THAT WAS ONE FAST HUNK OF DRIVIN'... WAIT HERE... KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING...I MAY BE COMING OUT FAST!



IF I COULD JUST ONCE SPOT HIM WHEN HE'S COMIN' OR GOIN'... I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER!

THIS IS SUCH A FLimsY INSUBSTANTIAL CLUE TO GO ON! I MAY BE ALL WRONG...BUT THOSE CLOCKS! I'D BE TOO MUCH OF A CO-INCIDENCE...



VOICES!



WE'D BETTER NOT COMMUNICATE ANYMORE
NOW THAT THE PLOT HAS BEEN SET
IN MOTION... EH? YES! AT THE
STAR GAZER'S

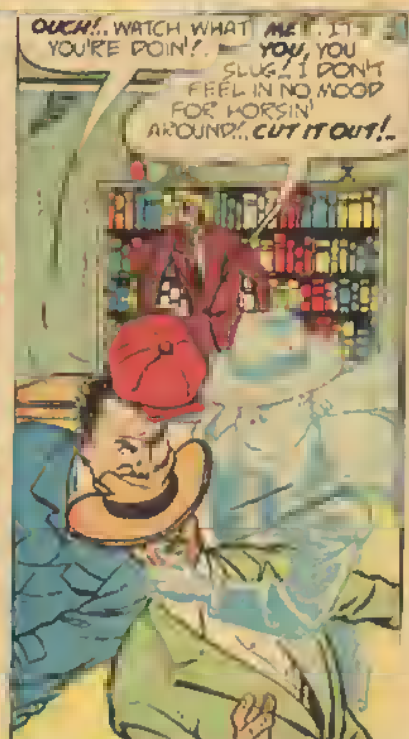


IF THERE ARE ANY SLIP UPS,
I'LL KNOW THAT
YOU TWO BIRD YOU DON'T
BRAINS HAVE TO
WERE BE AT FAULT... BE **SPELL IT OUT,**
CAREFUL... PARRY... WE
OR... KNOW HOW MUCH
IS AT STAKE!!

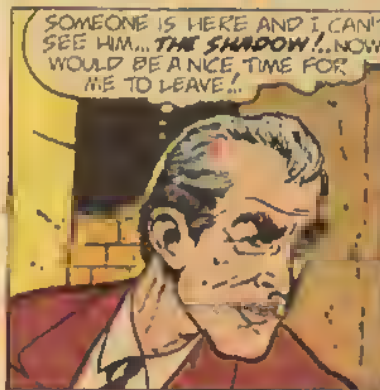


GIVEN A LITTLE LUCK I CAN
CLEAN UP THIS WHOLE THING
RIGHT NOW BEFORE IT HAS
A CHANCE TO GO
ANY FURTHER!

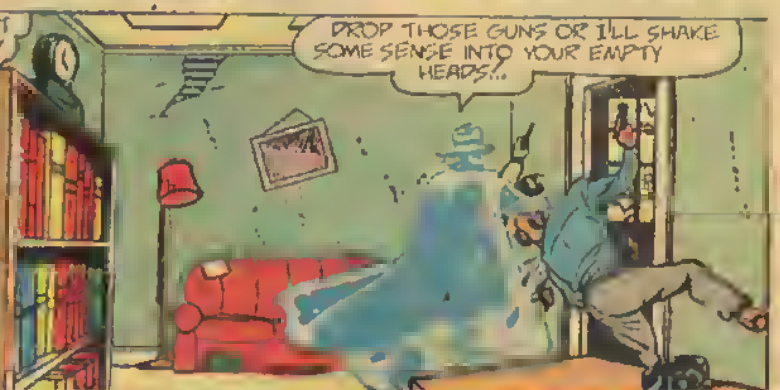
GET A
MOVE ON!



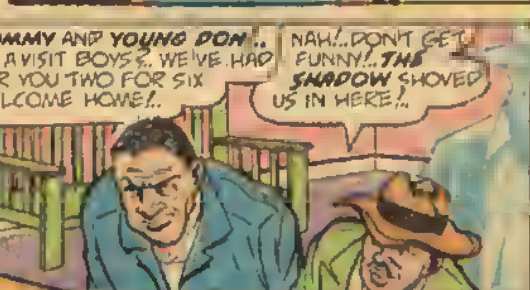
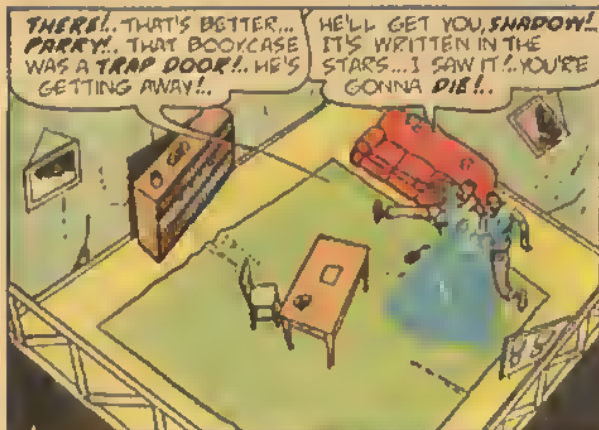
OUCH!! WATCH WHAT **ME** IT
YOU'RE DOING! **YOU** YOU
SLUG!! I DON'T
FEEL IN NO MOOD
FOR HORSIN'
AROUND!! **CUT IT OUT!!**

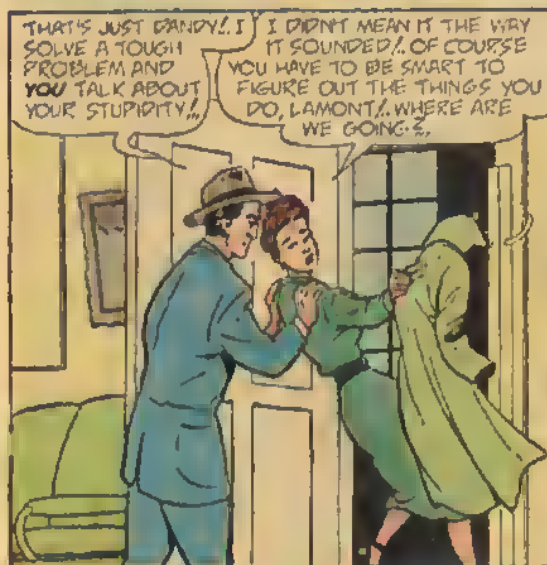
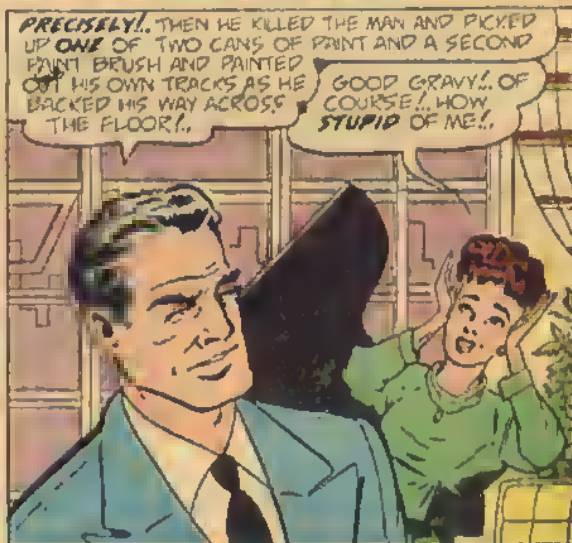
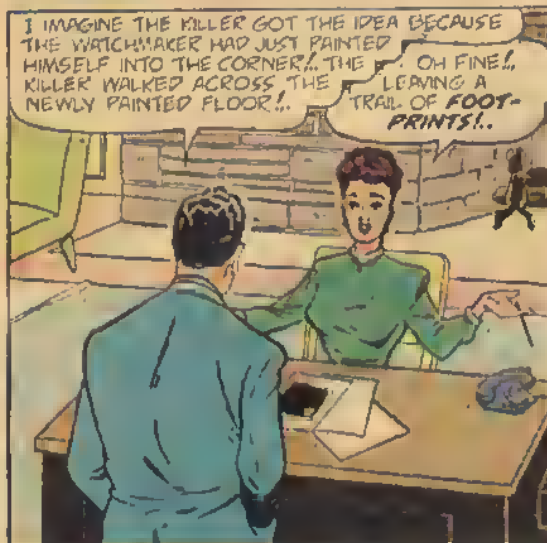
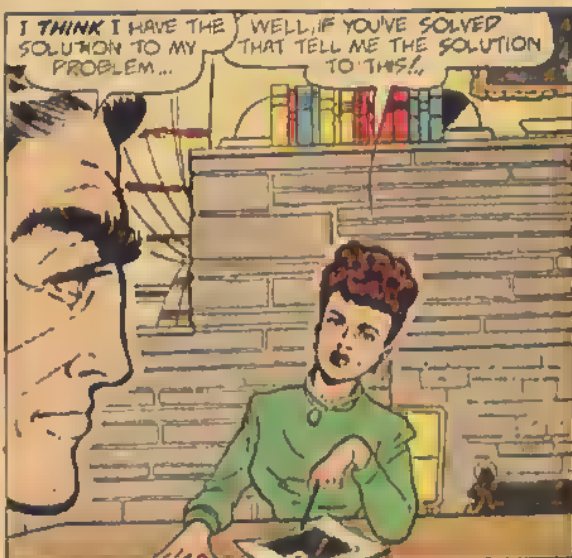


SOMEONE IS HERE AND I CAN'T
SEE HIM... **THE SHADOW!**...NOW
WOULD BE A NICE TIME FOR
ME TO LEAVE...

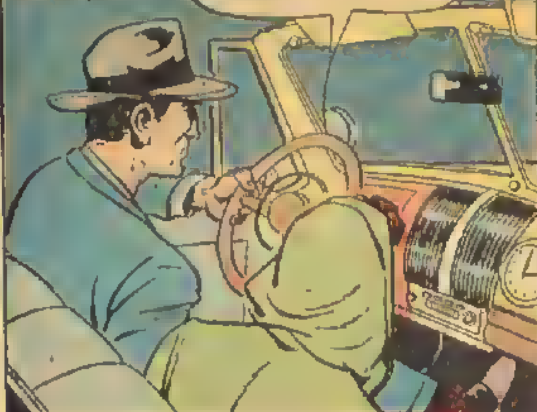


DROP THOSE GUNS OR I'LL SHAKE
SOME SENSE INTO YOUR EMPTY
HEADS...



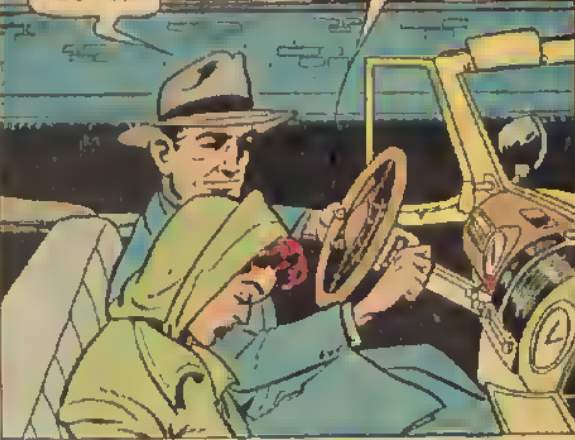


FOURTH NATIONAL BANK!! ROGER!! WILL DO!!
LOOK THAT UP ON MY SPECIAL MAP... IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!!
WATCHMAKER DIDN'T DIE A NATURAL DEATH... HE STILL PREDICTED WHEN HE WAS GOING TO DIE AND THE CRIMES DIDN'T HE?..



HOPE!! I THINK YOU'LL FIND WHEN YOU LOOK UP THE BANK'S LOCATION THAT IT IS DIRECTLY OPPOSITE THE DIRECTION WE'RE GOING!!

WHY, SO IT IS!! WE'RE GOING NORTH!! THE BANK IS TO THE SOUTH!!



BUT LAMONT!! IF THAT BANK IS TO BE HELD UP IN A HALF AN HOUR, WHY ARE WE GOING AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME?..

IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE POLICE WILL HAVE THE BANK GUARDED TO THE HILT!! IN THE SECOND PLACE, I DON'T THINK IT'LL BE HELD UP!!



JEEPERS!! YOU'RE BETTER THAN AN ASTROLOGER!! HOW DID YOU ATTRACT THE FIGURE THAT OUT?..
I THINK THAT CRIME IS A PHONY TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF THE POLICE IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!!

UGH!! LAMONT!! I'M SCARED!! AM I GETTING PSYCHIC TOO?..
LOOK!! DOESN'T THAT LOOK LIKE... A SKULL!!
I NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE!! BUT IT DOES!! AND VERY PROPERLY SINCE IT HOUSES... DEATH!! THE KILLER IS THERE!!

IN THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN... THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS!! CRANSTON SHOULD BE HERE!!
AND THE BANK ROBBER'S ARE ALMOST DUE!!



THAT GAVE ME THE SHIVERS! WHY...IT'S
JUST THE ASTRONOMICAL
OBSERVATORY!!

YES!...UNLESS I GUESSED WRONG
THIS IS...THE STAR GAZER'S!!

EASY NOW, MARGO! STAY
HERE IN THE CAR 'TILL I
SCOUT AROUND...I DON'T
KNOW HOW MANY OF THE
GANGS ARE HERE...IF
THEY'RE HERE!!

ALL RIGHT, LAMONT!!
HE BRINGS ME ALL
THIS WAY AND THEN
LEAVES ME OUT OF
THINGS!!

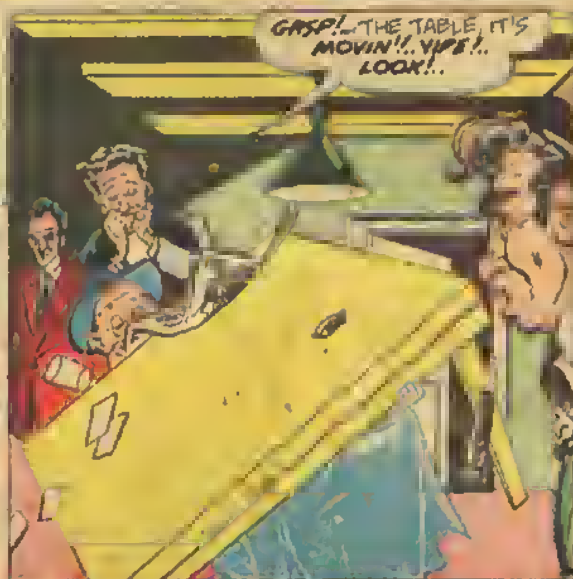
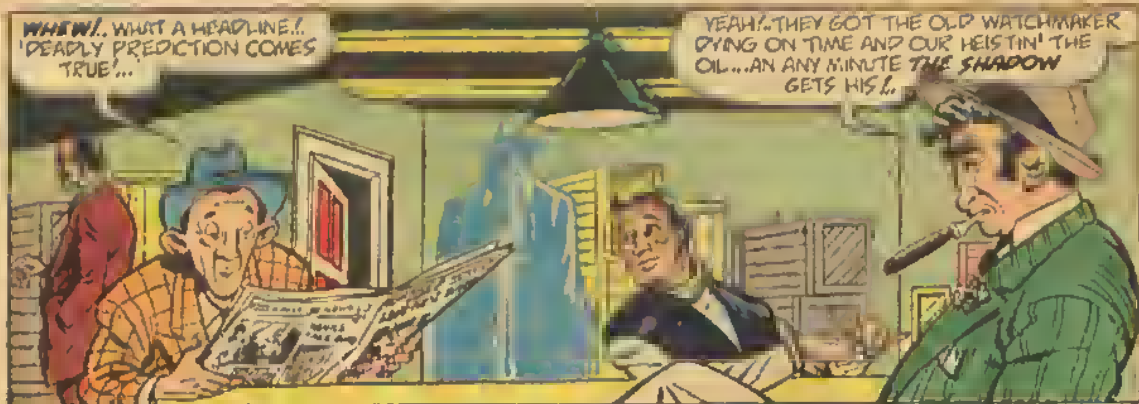
CAN'T SEE A THING!...THAT'S ODD! THE MOON
GIVES ENOUGH LIGHT TO PENETRATE THIS...UNLESS..
THEY'VE PAINTED THE
WINDOWS BLACK!!

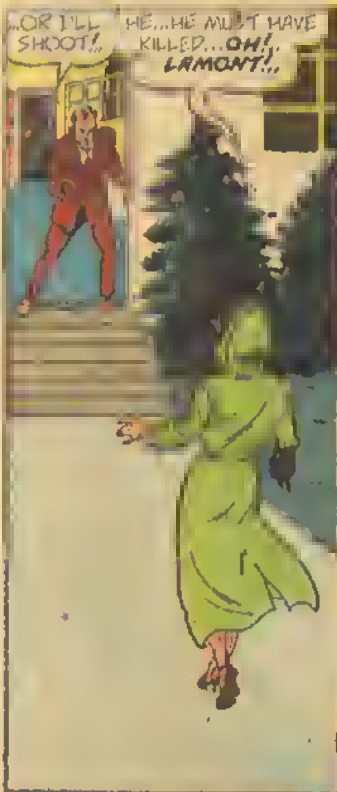
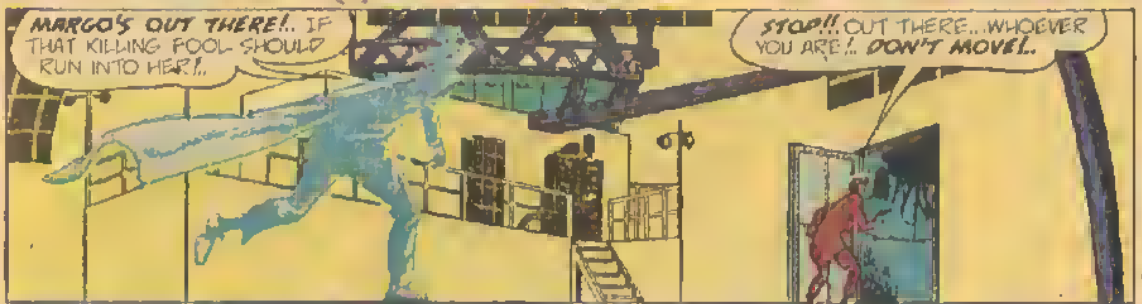
AND THE STARS SAY THAT AT 4:47 THE
SHADOW WILL DIE!!

BUT...UNABLE TO SEE THROUGH THE BLACKENED
GLASS...CRANSTON HAS DISAPPEARED AND...
THE SHADOW IS NOW ON THE PROWL!!

WHAT A PERFECT HIDE OUT! THIS OBSERVATORY
WILL NOT BE TENANTED 'TILL THE THREE
HUNDRED INCH LENS IS CAST AND THAT
MAY TAKE A YEAR!!

AND THE TIME IS NOW 4:45...





AT THE SOUTH SIDE OF TOWN, COMMISSIONER WESTON GET A HURRIED PHONE CALL...

LAMONT!.. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? THE BANK HOLD UP HASN'T HAPPENED!.. WHAT?.. IT'S NOT GOING TO?.. I SHOULD COME TO THE OBSERVATORY?.. ARE YOU MAD, MAN?.. OH... ALL RIGHT!..



BACK AT THE SCENE OF THE SHADOW'S ACROBATICS

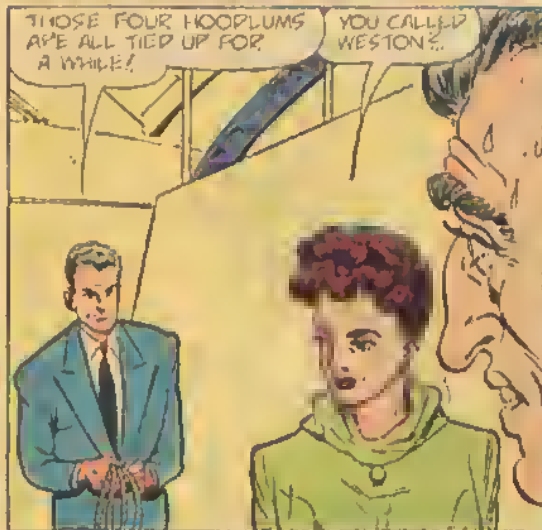
WH...WHUT HAPPENED?..

YOU TANGLED WITH THE SHADOW, BUB!.. THAT'S NOT HEALTHY...HE'S NOT ONE TO THREATEN WITH DEATH!.. IT ANNOYS HIM!..



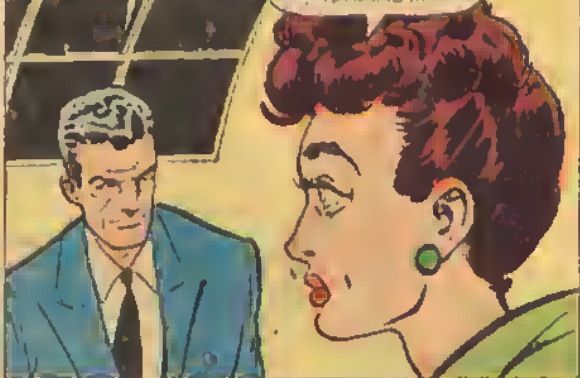
THOSE FOUR HOODPLUMS ARE ALL TIED UP FOR A WHILE!

YOU CALLED WESTON?..



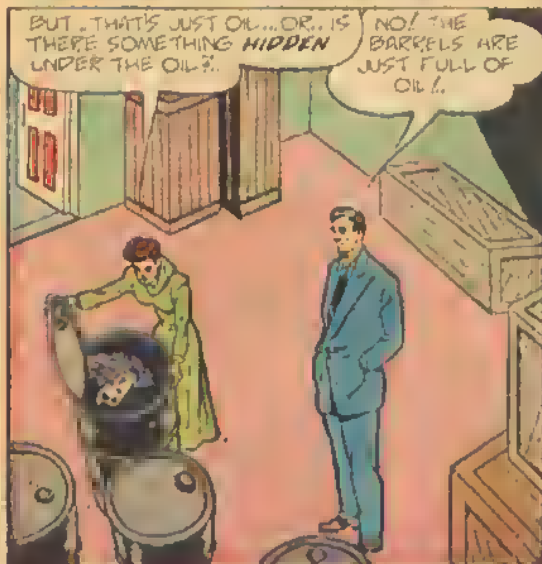
HE'S ON HIS WAY... BESIDES... I FOUND THE BARRELS THAT WERE HIDDEN HERE... COME, TAKE A LOOK!.. PARRY CAN'T ESCAPE!..

DID YOU LOOK IN THEM?.. THERE CAN'T JUST BE OIL IN THEM!.. THAT WOULDN'T WARRANT ALL THIS KILLING AND STEALING!..



BUT... THAT'S JUST OIL... OR... IS THERE SOMETHING HIDDEN UNDER THE OIL?..

NO! THE BARRELS ARE JUST FULL OF OIL!..

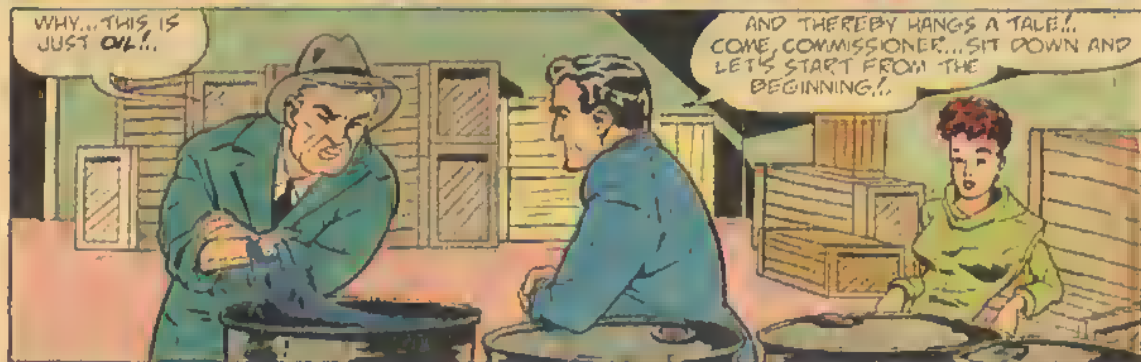


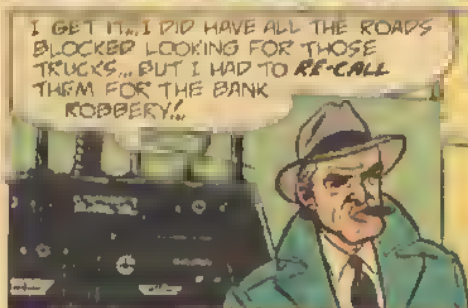
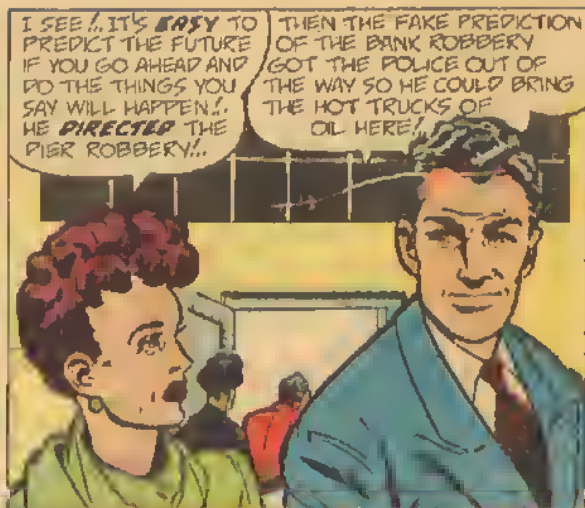
FROM OUTSIDE THEY HEAR A COMMOTION...

MORE TROUBLE?..

COULD BE, BUT I DON'T THINK SO... I THINK THIS IS...







DOC

SAVAGE

IN THE

FLYING SERPENT



Woven through all histories of the Incans are references to the winged serpent.... the snake that flies.... HAM DIDN'T REALIZE, WHEN HE RILED IN FOR MONK, THAT IT WAS GOING TO LEAD TO HIS BATTLING THE WINGED SERPENT!



BAD NEWS.....

WHAT'S WRONG, MONK?



MY UNCLE, POOR OLD GUY.... HE'S ILL! I'M HIS ONLY RELATIVE! I'M SORRY DOC, BUT I HAVE TO GO TO HIM!





IT'S BIG WHATEVER IT IS!

YES, EASY NOW THERE ARE JAGUARS IN THESE JUNGLES!



IT'S A MAN! A NATIVE!

AND A MIGHTY EXHAUSTED ONE... HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S RUN FOR MILES! LET ME TRY TO QUESTION HIM... GET SOME WATER...



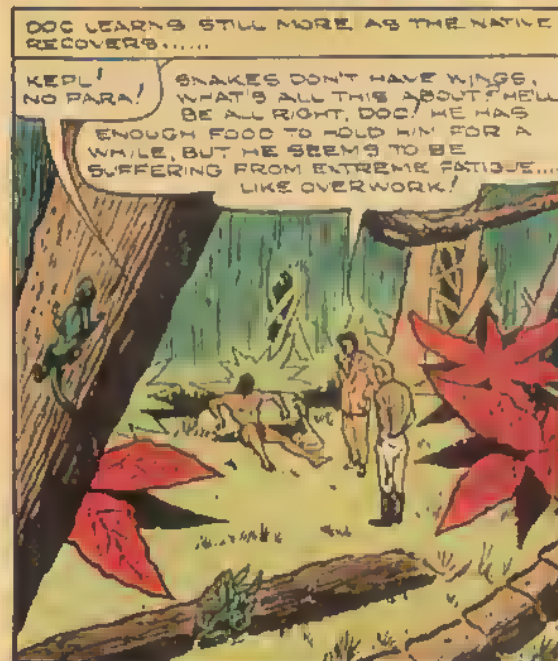
PARA ASTO OASE... OLE SERPENTO... FORTAP QUI WAWVER... XOCLOTL...

WHAT IS IT DOC?



THE FLYING SERPENT HAS TAKEN WING...

WHAT DOES THAT MEAN? IF ANYTHING, WHICH I DOUBT?



DOC LEARNS STILL MORE, AS THE NATIVE RECOVERS.....

KEPL! NO PARA!

SNAKES DON'T HAVE WINGS, WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT, DOC! HE HAS ENOUGH FOOD TO HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE, BUT HE SEEMS TO BE SUFFERING FROM EXTREME FATIGUE... LIKE OVERWORK!



AN OLD, OLD SUPERSTITION HAS BEEN REVIVED ABOUT THE SNAKE WHO FLIES... SOME PRIESTS ARE MAKING THE NATIVES WORK BY CALLING ON THE WINGED SERPENT! THE NATIVE SAYS HE SAW IT! SAW IT FLY!

YIPES! THIS BOY HAS REALLY GOT ROCKS IN HIS HEAD! ONLY... YOU LOOK AS IF YOU BELIEVE IT!



I BELIEVE THE NATIVE THINKS HE SAW THE WINGED SERPENT... EASY HAM..... LOOK AT THE GROUND.

A PIT FALL!! AND A BIG ONE, TOO BIG FOR AN ANIMAL, DOC THAT'S A MAN TRAP!



WHEN... IN OLD YOU SPOTTED IT, OTHERWISE WE MIGHT HAVE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT.

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO, I JUST WANT TO BE SURE THERE ARE NO POISONED STAKES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PIT!



FUNNY, I COULD HAVE SWORN YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO GET INTO THAT PIT!

I DID! COME ON... THERE ARE NO STAKES DOWN THERE TO IMPALE US!



COME ON DOWN, IT'S SAFE!

BUT DOC! WHY.... WHY SHOULD WE TRAP OURSELVES?



WE WANT TO SEE THE WINGED SERPENT DON'T WE? WHAT EASIER WAY THAN TO HAVE THE NATIVES WHO GET THIS TRAP BRING US THERE?

I SEE... BUT I THOUGHT WE WERE AFTER ANIMAL-EATING PLANTS.... NOT FLYING SNAKES!



SUDDENLY.... SOUNDLESSLY.....

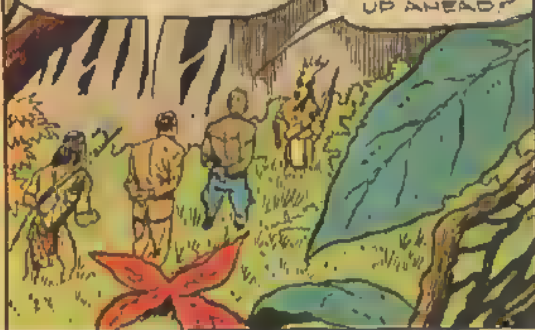
GEE? IT MIGHT HAVE TAKEN US DAYS CUTTING OUR WAY THROUGH THE TRACKLESS JUNGLE.. THIS WAY....

THIS WAY WE GET BARBEQUED FAST! UMMM.... NOT VERY FRIENDLY LOOKING ARE THEY?

THERE ARE NO WORDS EXCHANGED....
INSTEAD.....

I SEE WHAT YOU MEANT! WE
WOULD NEVER HAVE
FOUND THIS NARROW
FOOTPATH!

NO!!
LOOK!
DO YOU SEE
A CLEARING
UP AHEAD?



HEY...WHO'RE
YOU PUSHING?

THEY EVIDENTLY WANT
US TO WALK TO THE
PYRAMID WHERE THE
PRIESTS STAND....

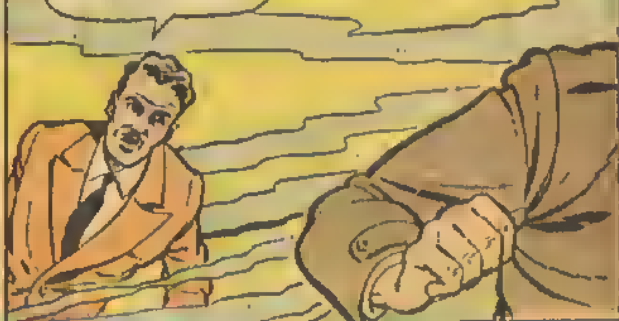


MUST BE MARSHY
GROUND.... LOOK AT
THAT FOGGY
LOOKING MIST!

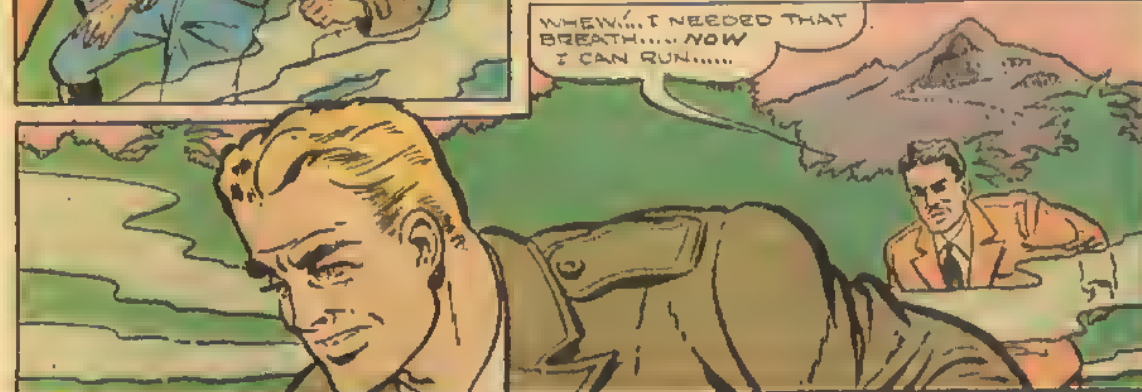
HAM! DON'T
WASTE TIME WALK
TO THE PYRAMID
FAST.... AND TRY TO
HOLD YOUR
BREATH.....



I MUST BE OUT OF CONDITION.... I
CAN'T HOLD MY BREATH ANY
MORE.... BESIDES.... I DON'T
SEE WHY I
SHOULD....

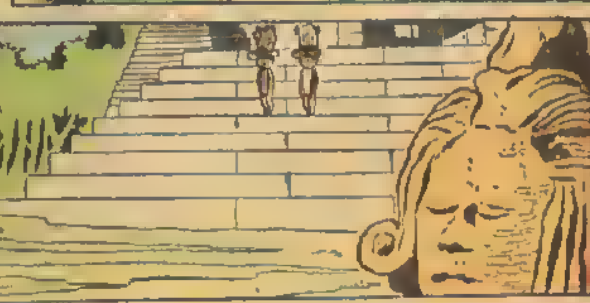
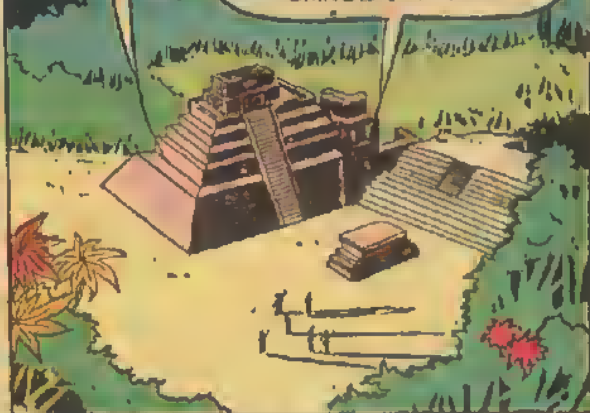


WHEW...I NEEDED THAT
BREATH.... NOW
I CAN RUN.....



ASTOUNDING! WHAT
A DEGREE OF
CIVILIZATION THE
INCAS HAD.....

THEY HAD A CALENDAR
A THOUSAND YEARS
BEFORE WE DID... AND
IT WAS MORE ACCURATE
TOO! WATCH YOURSELF
NOW! I THINK THERE'S
DANGER AHEAD....



SUDDENLY HAM IS ASTOUNDED TO SEE.....

NO... IT'S NOT POSSIBLE... THERE IS NO SUCH THING... I CAN'T BE SEEING IT.....



DOC... IT'S GOT ME... GO ON... SAVE YOURSELF / DON'T COME BACK FOR ME...

WHAT THE...?!



GASP!... DON'T... DON'T COME BACK FOR ME... I'LL GET YOU TOO....

HAM!... RUN TOWARDS ME!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE, DOC!

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN A BREATH! GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF, THERE'S NO SNAKE THERE IT'S JUST IN YOUR MIND... NOW LISTEN TO ME!



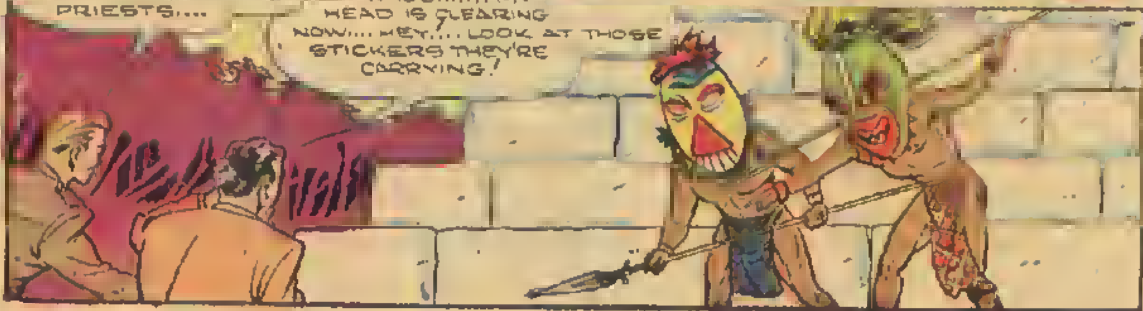
HAM!... THAT WAS AN ILLUSION... YOU EXPECTED TO SEE FLYING SNAKES, AND THEN YOU INHALED THAT LOW LYING GAS, THAT SEEPS UP FROM THE GROUND.... IT HAS AN HYPNOTIC EFFECT....

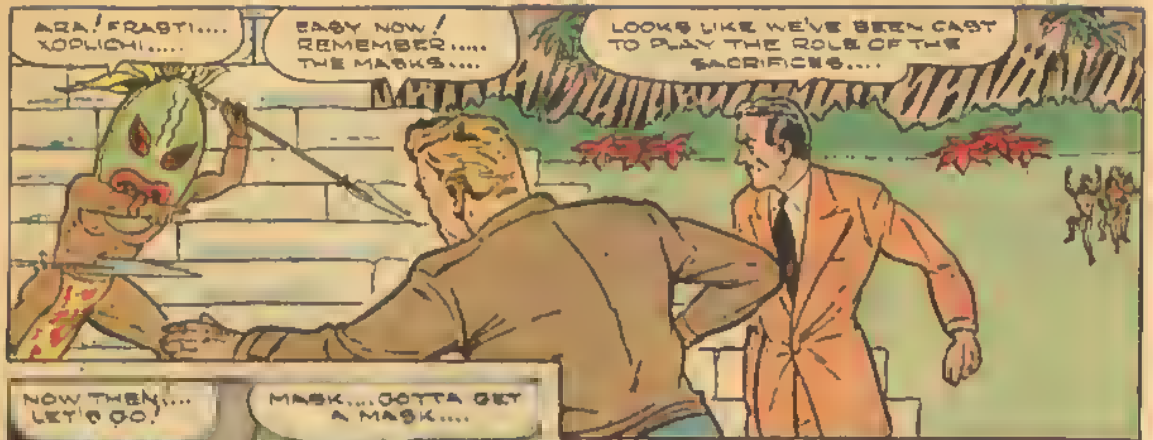
I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT WASN'T REAL, BUT IF YOU SAY SO....

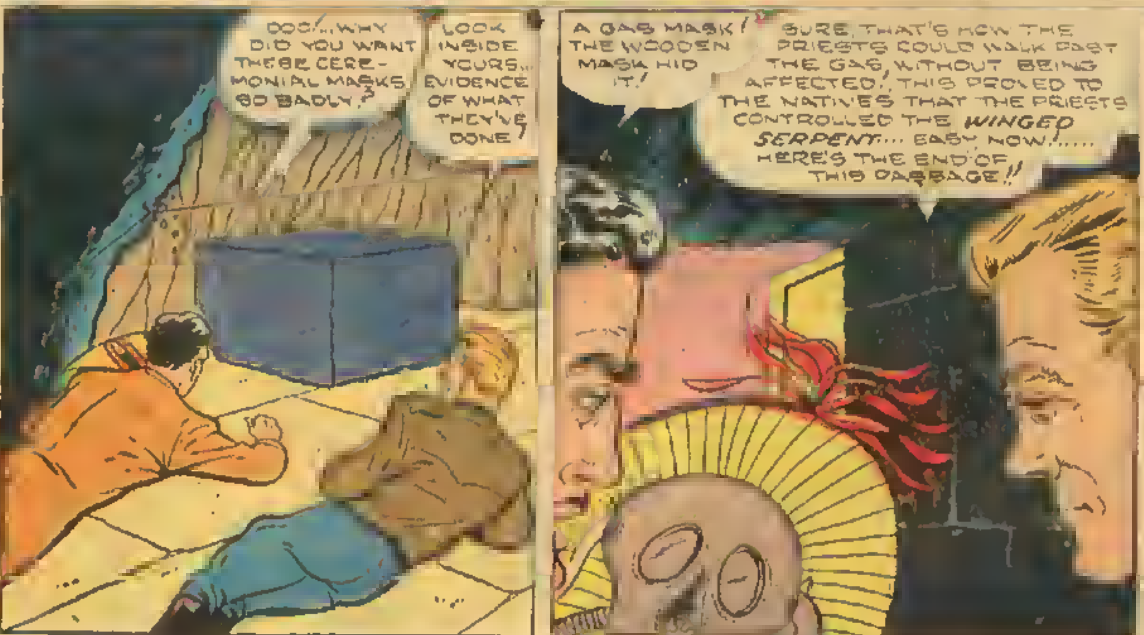


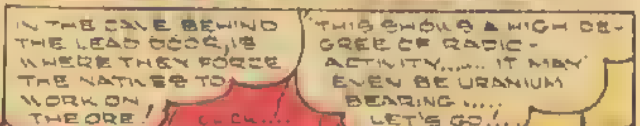
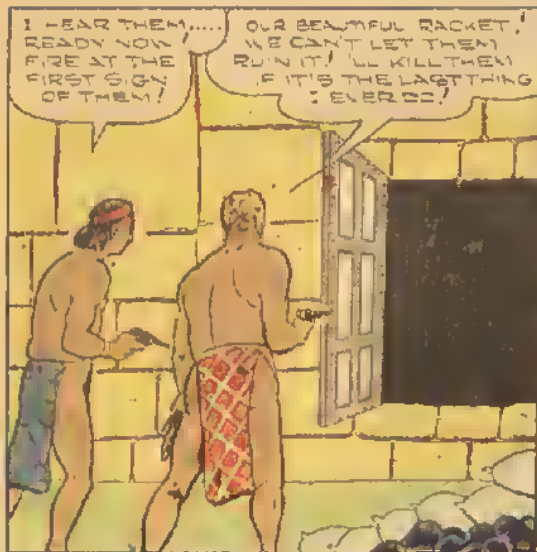
I'LL PRETEND THAT I THOUGHT I SAW THE SNAKE TOO.... FOLLOW MY LEAD... TRY TO RIP THE MASKS FROM THESE FALSE PRIESTS....

WHOO!... MY HEAD IS CLEARING NOW... HEY... LOOK AT THOSE STICKERS THEY'RE CARRYING!





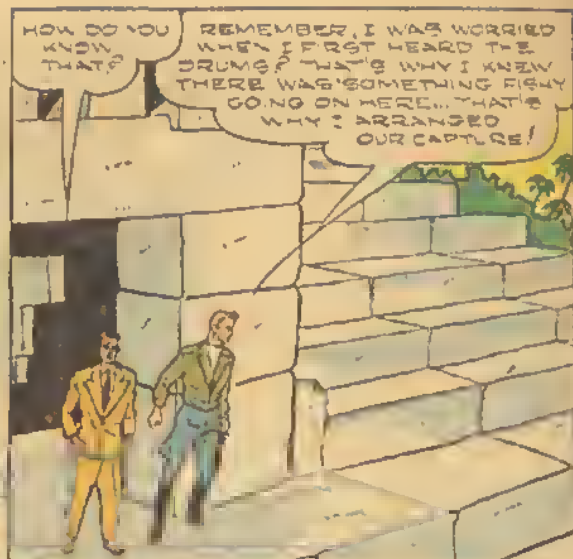






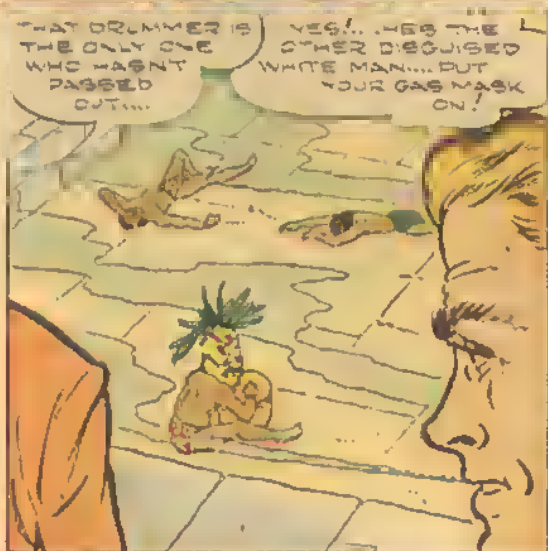
WE NOW HAVE THE SMALL JOB OF GETTING PAST A BUNCH OF HYPERICAL & DDD THIRSTY NATIVES....

WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THEM..... THERE MUST BE ONE MORE WHITE MAN... HE'S THE ONE WE WANT TO WORRY ABOUT!



HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

REMEMBER, I WAS WORRIED WHEN I FIRST HEARD THE DRUMS... THAT'S WHY I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING FRIGHT GOING ON HERE... THAT'S WHY I ARRANGED OUR CAPTURE!



THAT DRUMMER IS THE ONLY ONE WHO WASN'T PASSED OUT....

YES!... HE'S THE OTHER DISGUISED WHITE MAN.... PUT YOUR GAS MASK ON!



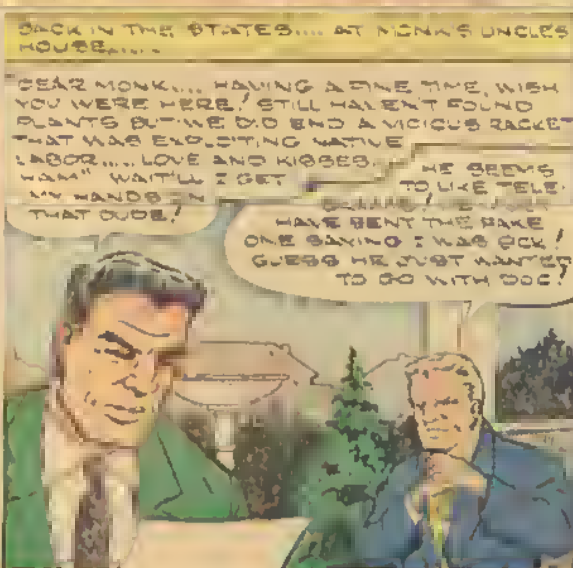
AT LEAST HE HASN'T A GUN! HE HAS NO PLACE TO HIDE IT AND IT WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM AWAY TO THE NATIVES IF HE'D WORN ONE.

DON'T BE TOO SURE, LOOK!... HE'S RIPPING HIS DRUM OPEN...



YOU'RE RIGHT AGAIN, DOC, AS ALWAYS, BUT WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT DRUMS?

THE BEAT WAS WRONG... PRIMITIVE DRUMMERS BEAT OUT TUNES... NOT WHAT HE WAS DOING! HIS WAS A GORNYST CATED BEAT!



BACK IN THE STATES... AT NONN'S UNCLE'S HOUSE...

DEAR MONK... HAVING A DINE TIME, WISH YOU WERE HERE, STILL HAVEN'T FOUND PLANTS BUT WE DO END A VICIOUS RACKET THAT WAS EXPLOITING NATIVE LABOR... LOVE AND KISSES... HE SEEMS WARM! WAIT! I GET MY HANDS IN THAT COVE!

HAVE SENT THE PAKE ONE SAYING I WAS SICK! GUESS HE JUST WANTED TO GO WITH DOC!

Nick Carter

MASTER DETECTIVE

IN THE

Cliff House Mystery



THE SETTING FOR THIS ONE OF NICK CARTER'S MOST BAFFLING OF CASES, IS THE ROCKY COAST OF MAINE, A COUPLE OF MILES OUTSIDE OF WETSMOUTH, A SMALL FISHING VILLAGE. NICK HAS BEEN ENGAGED BY SANFORD STRIDER, BROADWAY PRODUCER, TO INVESTIGATE THE WELL-BEING OF HIS FATHER, FROM WHOM HE WAS ESTRANGED.....!

"THAT LETTER YOU RECEIVED STATING ALL IS NOT WELL WITH YOUR DAD..... THAT MIGHTY QUEER THINGS ARE TAKIN' PLACE ON CLIFF HOUSE".... SOUNDS LIKE IT MIGHT BE FROM A CRANK, SAID BOY.....

"COULD BE, NICK... BUT DESPITE THE FACT THAT DAD AND I HAVEN'T SPOKEN IN YEARS, IF HE'S IN TROUBLE I WANT TO HELP HIM."

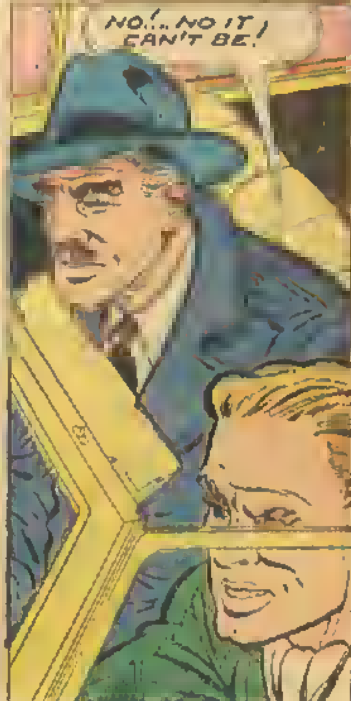


"WELL... WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON, AND YOUR FEARS WILL SOON BE GONE.... MAYBE YOU'LL EVEN MAKE UP WITH YOUR DAD...."

"I'M WILLING.... IF HE IS.... WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE THE HOUSE AS SOON AS WE GET AROUND THE BEND, NICK!"

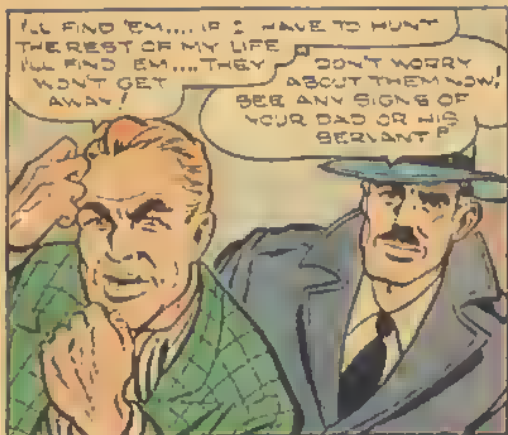


"NO!... NO IT! CAN'T BE!"





TUNE IN
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK



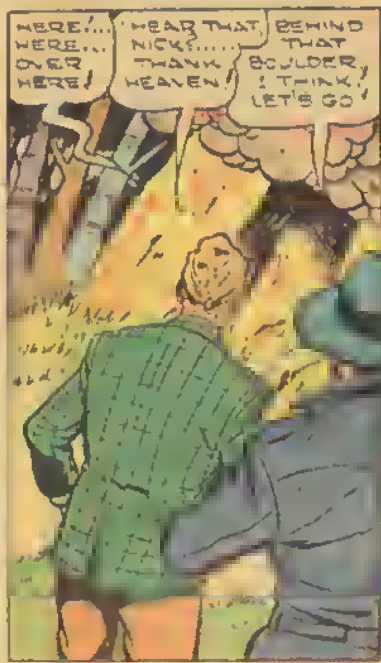
I'LL FIND 'EM.... IF I HAVE TO HUNT THE REST OF MY LIFE I'LL FIND 'EM.... THEY WON'T GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM NOW! SEE ANY SIGNS OF YOUR DAD OR HIS SERVANT?



FATHER!... FATHER! GABRIEL!

IF ANYBODY'S IN THERE NOW, THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE!



HERE... HERE... OVER HERE!

HEAR THAT NICKS... BEHIND THAT BOULDER, I THINK, LET'S GO!



IT'S... IT'S GABRIEL! WHERE'S FATHER?

SANDY, I COULDN'T OPEN HIS DOOR... LOCKED... HE DIDN'T ANSWER!

COME ON!... LET'S GET HIM AWAY FROM THIS HEAT!



WE WOULDN'T OPEN... KEPT POUNDING... FLAMES... COULDN'T STAND IT... HE WOULDN'T OPEN THE DOOR! WOULDN'T ANSWER... TAKE IT EASY, GABRIEL! WE'VE GOT TO GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL... HIS BURNS ARE BAD!



ONCE WE GET GABRIEL TO THE HOSPITAL, WE'LL GET A SEARCH PARTY TOGETHER AND TRY TO TURN UP THOSE TWO MEN WE SAW ESCAPING THROUGH THE GATES....

WE'LL FIND THE RATS... THEY CAN'T GET FAR... AND WHEN I DO... THEY'LL PAY FOR MY FATHER'S DEATH!

SUNDAY EVENING
6:30 P.M. EST.

sponsored by

OLD DUTCH
CLEANSER



THE FOLLOWING MORNING NICK RETURNS TO THE HOUSE TO GO OVER THE EMBERS WITH THE SHERIFF AND THE CORNER...

CORNER'S TAKIN' OLE MAN STRIBER'S BODY BACK TO TOWN FOR AUTOPSY.... SEE IT AIN'T TOO BAD BURNED TO TELL QUITE A LOT! NOW CONFIRM- WHAT YOU FOUND TON OF GAB- THERE YOUNG RIEL'S STORY SHERIFF! HE SAID MR STRIBER'S ROOM WAS LOCKED... AND HERE'S THE LOCK... BOLT OUT AS IT FELL OFF OF THE DOOR THAT BURNED AWAY.....

TO YOUNG SANDY AN' THE SEARCH PARTY. DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY TURNED UP THEM TWO STRANGERS YOU SAID YOU SAW LAST NIGHT!

ANY LUCK, SANDY? NOTHING!



WE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THE COUNTRY BETWEEN HERE AND WETSMOUTH... THEY'RE EITHER HIDING OUT, OR THEY HAD A CAR HIDDEN AND MADE THEIR GETAWAY BEFORE WE SET OUT!...

I THINK YOU TWO WAS SEEN' THINGS... THIS OLE HOUSE WAS LIKE MATCH WOOD... GABRIEL OR YOUR DAD GOT CARELESS WITH A MATCH AN' DOOR... THE PLACE WENT UP!...

NO, THE FIRE WAS DELIBERATE!



YOU SAY THIS WAS THE LIVING ROOM... THE HOUSE WAS CENTRALLY HEATED BY MOTOR IN A CAVE BELOW, POWERED BY ELECTRICITY... THEN WHY IS A GASOLINE CAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LIVING ROOM? I'LL SWAN! NEVER NOTICED THAT! I MEAN... ER... TO SAY... I WAS JUST RIDIN' TO VENTION THAT... MIGHTY EVIDUCIOUS!

OF COURSE, SHERIFF... AND IF YOU FIND ANY OTHER CLUES, YOU'LL LET ME KNOW, WON'T YOU?... WE'RE GOING BACK TO TOWN TO THE HOTEL AND GET SOME SLEEP...

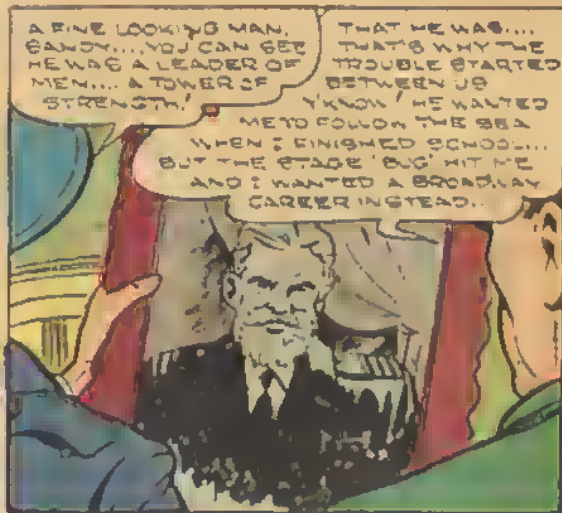
SLEEP! I'LL NEVER SLEEP TILL I FIND MY DAD'S MURDERERS!





HEY MR STRIDER...I FOUND THIS FIRE...DON'T HURT IT MUCH!

DAD'S PICTURE!



A FINE LOOKING MAN, SANDY...YOU CAN SEE HE WAS A LEADER OF MEN...A TOWER OF STRENGTH!

THAT HE WAS... THAT'S WHY THE TROUBLE STARTED BETWEEN US... Y'KNOW, HE WANTED ME TO FOLLOW THE SEA WHEN I FINISHED SCHOOL... BUT THE STAGE 'BUG' HIT ME AND I WANTED A BROADWAY CAREER INSTEAD...



HE COULDN'T SEE HIS SON PLAYING THE DRAMAS OF LIFE INSTEAD OF LIVING EM...IS THAT IT?

IN ANYCASE, NICK...WE HAD A TERRIBLE ARGUMENT...HE SAID EITHER I GO TO SEA OR HE'D DENY ME...I WALKED OUT AND WE HAVEN'T SPOKEN OR WRITTEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE....



TELL ME A LITTLE BIT ABOUT HIM, SANDY! IT MIGHT HELP US TO FIGURE OUT WHAT WAS BEHIND HIS MURDER...

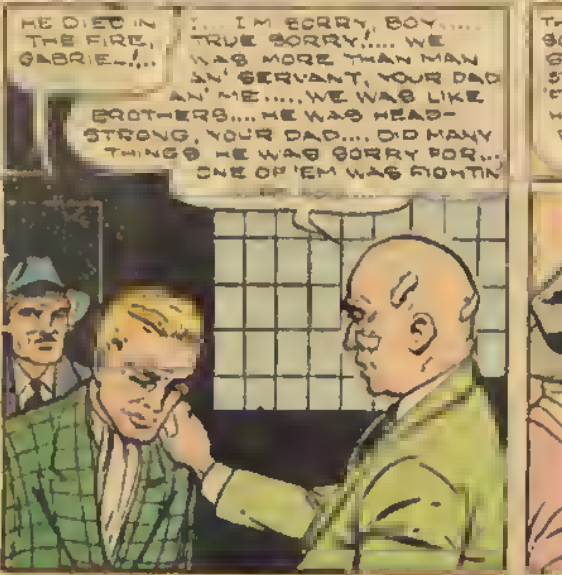
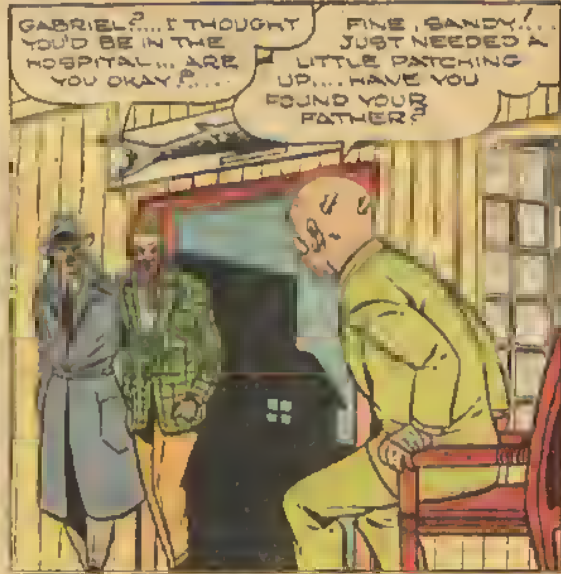
ALL I KNOW IS HE WAS AT SEA MOST OF THE TIME...EXCEPT FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS HE SPENT IN CHILE WHEN I WAS ABOUT 3 OR 4 YEARS OLD. I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT IT EXCEPT THE LAST NIGHT....



MY MOTHER WOKED ME UP, DRESSED ME, AND I COULD HEAR MY FATHER'S VOICE BOOMING THROUGH THE HOUSE SHOUTING ORDERS... A FEW MINUTES LATER A CARRIAGE DROVE UP AND WE WERE RUSHED OUT TO IT....



THEN THERE WAS A WILD RIDE...WE WERE BEING CHASED AND SHOT AT... DAD KEPT UP A STREAM OF FIRE KEEPING THE SOLDIERS AT A DISTANCE....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, DAVE GETS INSTRUCTIONS VIA LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE....

1914 OR IS NICK P. GULLY, THAT'S A LONG TIME AGO!... DO YOU THINK THEY'LL HAVE RECORDS GOING BACK THAT FAR?

CALL RAPHAEL DONZALES IN ST. DIEGO... HE OWES ME A FAVOR FOR THAT JEWEL THIEF I TRAPPED FOR HIM IN NEW YORK THREE YEARS AGO.... HE'LL CHECK IT FOR US!!...



AS SOON AS YOU GET THE INFORMATION, CALL ME! IF I'M NOT HERE, CALL BACK... DON'T GIVE THE INFORMATION TO ANYBODY BUT ME!

OKAY, NICK... I'LL GET TO WORK ON IT RIGHT AWAY 'BYE!



...YES, CLERK, WE'LL PROBABLY BE HERE A WEEK.... I'M DOING AN ARTICLE ON A TYPICAL MAINE FISHING VILLAGE.... THIS IS MY PHOTOGRAPHER!

VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN! ROOM THREE... HERE'S YOUR KEY!



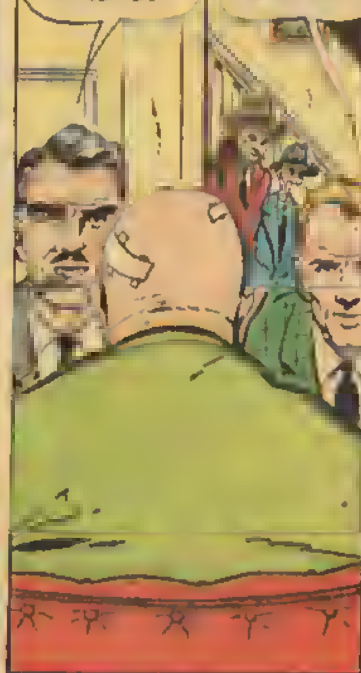
WHEN THE WILL IS READ, SANDY, YOU'LL FIND YOUR FATHER FORGAVE YOU.... HE LEFT IT ALL TO YOU... AND A TIDY MITE FOR ME. THAT'LL SEE ME THROUGH THE TIME I'VE LEFT IN THIS WORLD....

I'M GLAD HE FORGAVE ME, GABRIEL... I ONLY WISH I COULD HAVE SEEN HIM BEFORE... BEFORE... BUT I'LL FIND THOSE MURDERERS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

THAT NIGHT AS NICK, SANDY AND GABRIEL SETTLE DOWN TO A WONDERFUL NEW ENGLAND FISH DINNER....

THIS FRESH MAINE LOBSTER IS WON..... LM, WHAT'S WRONG?

GABRIEL?



GABRIEL?... WHAT'S WRONG?... WAIT....

SICK!.... GOING BACK TO HOTEL....



A COUPLE OF MINUTES LATER.....

LEAVE ME ALONE, S...SANDY!... I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

HEY THERE, MR CARTER!... JEST THE MAN I'M LOOKIN' FOR! BUT WHAT'S THERE'S A WRONG? CALL FOR YOU ALL THE WAY FROM NEW YORK! Y CAN TAKE TON THE HOUSE DINE BEHIND THE DESK! HUH? OH... THANKS!

I'LL BE RIGHT UP, SANDY!...

OKAY!

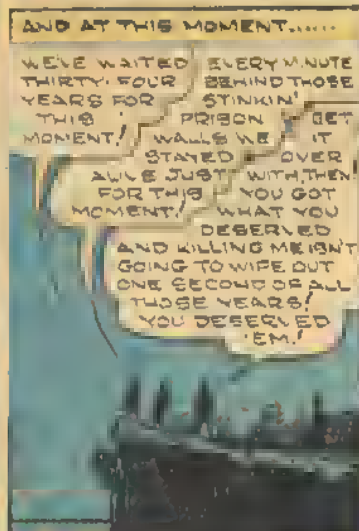
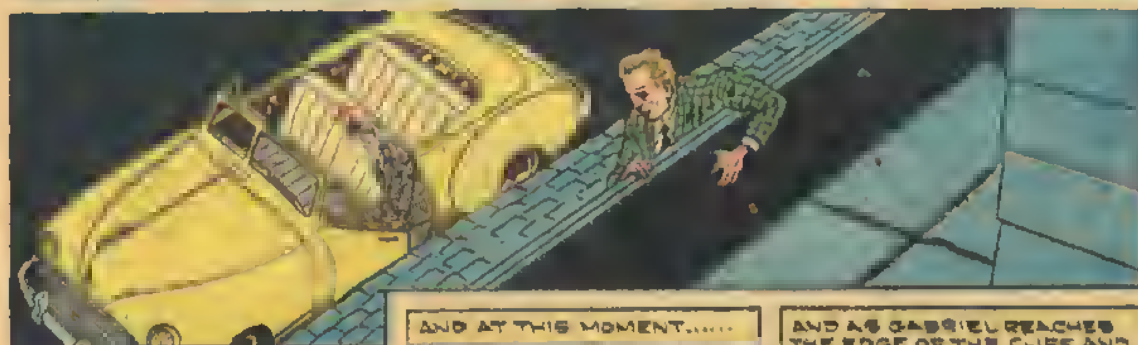
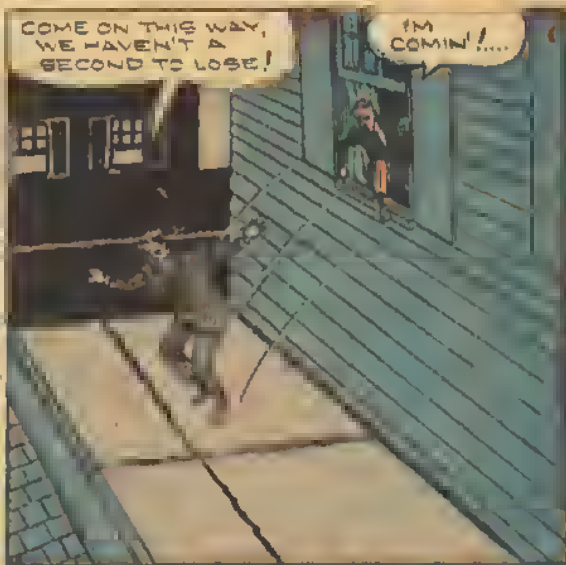
HELLO?... OH YES, DITSY... ALREADY?... GOOD WORK!... OH... YES... OH... NO?... WHEN? GONZALES KNOWS THE WHOLE CASE, HUH?... GO ON... RIGHT... RIGHT... I SEE....

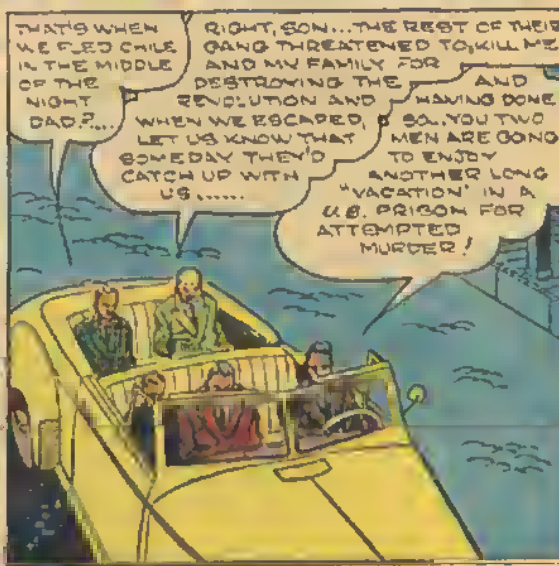
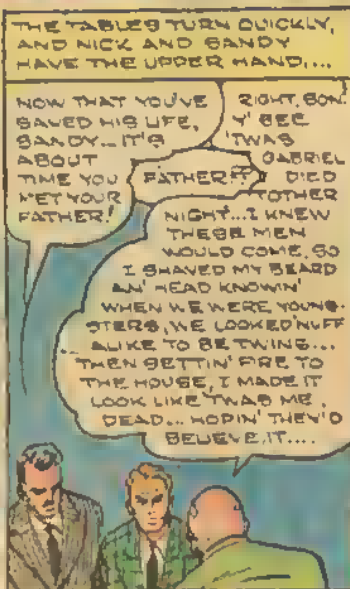
...OZZY, DITSY... THAT GIVES ME THE WHOLE STORY... IT BEARS OUT A HUNCH SANDY AND I HAD... I'LL CALL YOU TOMORROW... S'LONG!

GABRIEL?... WHERE'S GABRIEL?

WH... WHAT?... OH, NICK... GOLLY!... DON'T KNOW... HERE A MOMENT AGO... THEN SOMETHING... HIT ME!

OHMMMMH.....



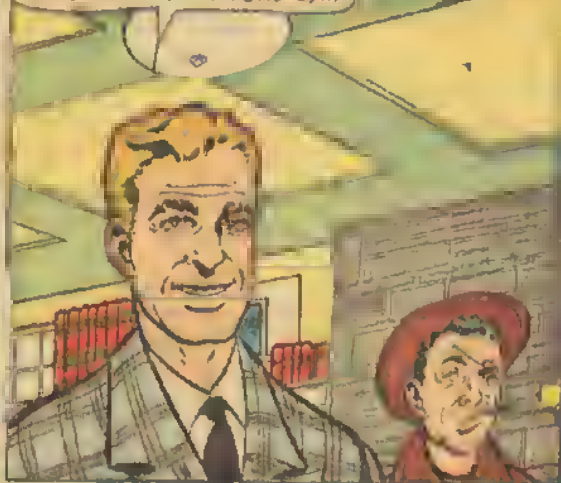


CRIME QUIZ

HERE'S A GOOD WAY TO TEST YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION...ALL OF US WERE IN THE ROOM WHEN THIS MAN WAS MURDERED...YET NOT ONE SINGLE MAN SAW THE KILLER WHO WAS HERE...WHY?



DID I TRAP YOU? THE WORD **SINGLE** IS THE GIVEAWAY...WE'RE ALL MARRIED SO THERE IS NO 'SINGLE' MAN AMONG US...



WE'VE JUST TESTED YOUR POWERS OF OBSERVATION...NOW LET'S TRY YOUR LOGICAL FACULTIES...I TAKE ONE SPOONFUL OF WINE AND PLACE IT IN THE GLASS OF WATER...I MIX IT AND THEN PUT ONE SPOONFUL OF THE MIXTURE INTO THE GLASS OF WATER...WHAT AMOUNT OF WINE & WATER WILL BE IN EACH GLASS?



UNLESS YOU'RE A VERY LOGICAL REASONER YOU'LL NEVER REALIZE THAT EACH GLASS WILL HAVE THE SAME AMOUNT OF MIXTURE AS THE OTHER...



NOW WE'LL TEST YOUR POWERS OF DEDUCTION...THERE IS A SPOT ON THE WORLD WHERE A MAN SAW A BEAR...HE FOLLOWED IT FOR ONE MILE TO THE SOUTH, ONE MILE TO THE WEST AND A MILE NORTH...AND WAS BACK WHERE HE STARTED FROM...WHAT COLOR WAS THE BEAR?



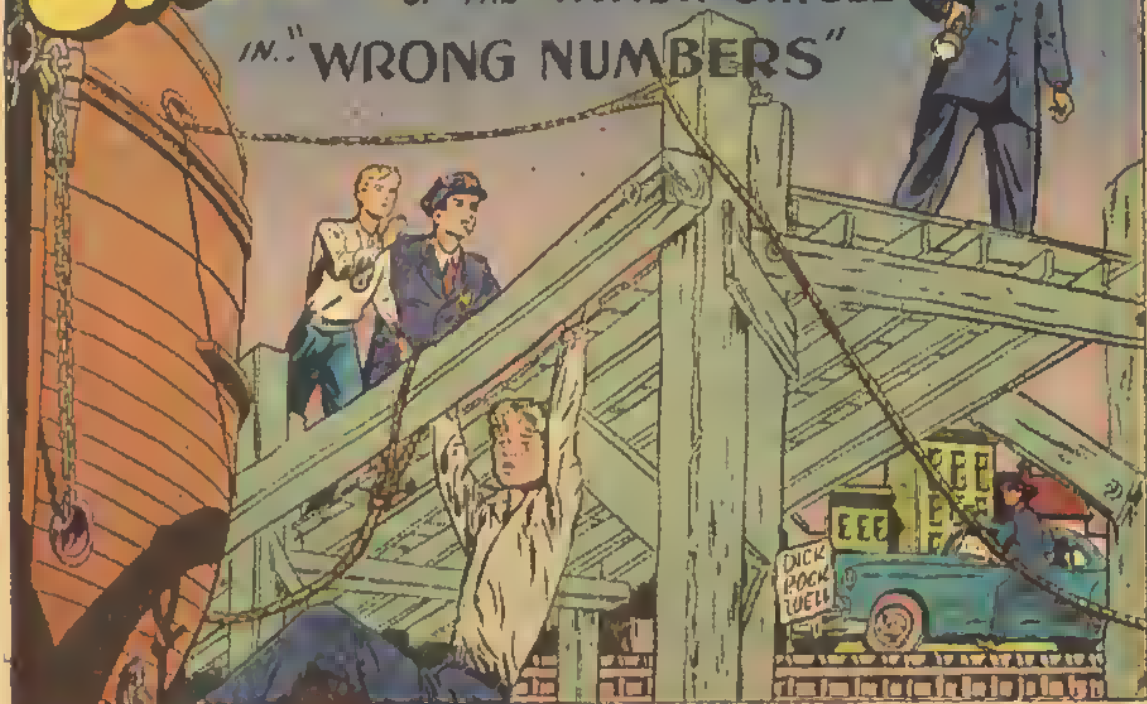
DID YOU FIGURE IT OUT? THE ONLY PLACE WHERE YOU COULD WALK IN THOSE DIRECTIONS AND COME BACK TO WHERE YOU BEGAN IS AT THE NORTH POLE...THEREFORE THE BEAR WOULD BE A POLAR BEAR, THEREFOR IT WOULD BE WHITE...



CHICK CARTER

OF THE INNER CIRCLE

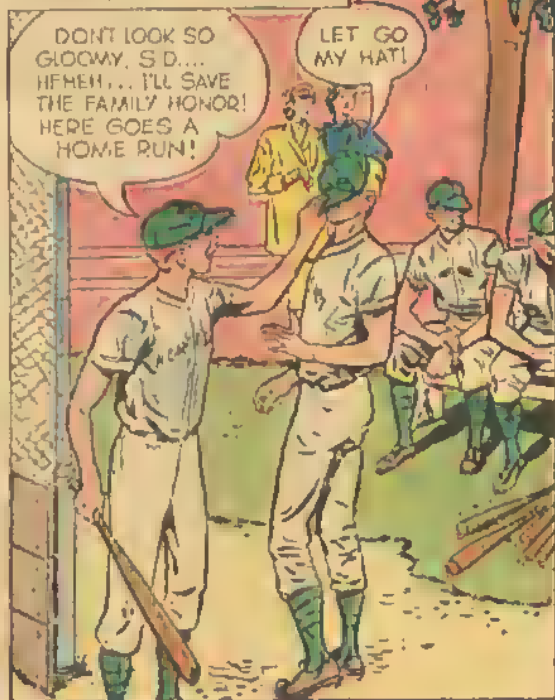
IN "WRONG NUMBERS"



"TODAY'S STORY COULD BE YOURS...OR MINE. IT HAPPENS TO BELONG TO SID HELSTER. YOU CAN'T PUT A FINGER ON THE EXACT TIME OR PLACE IT BEGINS...SO I'M STARTING

ON THE DAY I FIRST MET SID AND HIS BROTHER JOE...THE INNER CIRCLE WAS PLAYING THE NORTH SIDE TIGERS AND WE WERE LEADING 2 TO 1 IN THE LAST HALF OF THE 9TH. THERE WAS ONE OUT, A MAN ON SECOND AND I HAD TWO STRIKES ON SID AND THEN..."

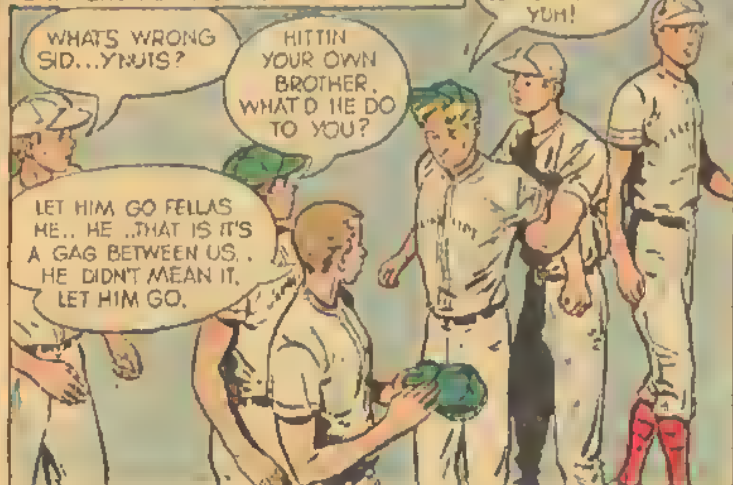
"NEXT MAN UP WAS JOE, SID'S BROTHER-ABOUT A YEAR OLDER THAN SID..."



"I DIDN'T SEE WHAT WENT ON... BUT THE NEXT INSTANT SID HAD KNOCKED HIS OWN BROTHER DOWN!"

LET ME GO, LE' GO I TELL YUH!

"THE MINUTE THEY RELEASED HIM, HE BROKE AWAY... BEAT IT AS FAST AS HE COULD..."



WHAT'S WRONG SID...YNUIS?

HITTIN YOUR OWN BROTHER, WHAT'D HE DO TO YOU?

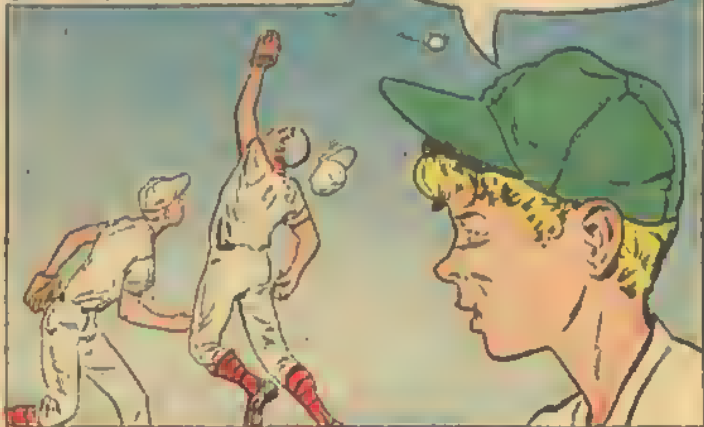
LET HIM GO FELLAS ME.. HE ..THAT IS IT'S A GAG BETWEEN US.. HE DIDN'T MEAN IT, LET HIM GO.

HEY SID, COME ON BACK.. WHERE ARE YOU GOIN'? I'M NOT SORE, SID!....

"THE UMPIRE GAVE US 'PLAY BALL' AND I WAS WINDING UP FOR THE PITCH WHEN OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE, I SAW SID HAD STOPPED AND WAS WATCHING"

"JOE GOT MY 'NUMBER' AND CONNECTED SOLIDLY... POOR BIFF PLAYING LEFT FIELD DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE TO CATCH IT..."

LUCK, LUCK! A HOME RUN WHAT A LUCKY STIFF THAT BROTHER OF MINE IS!



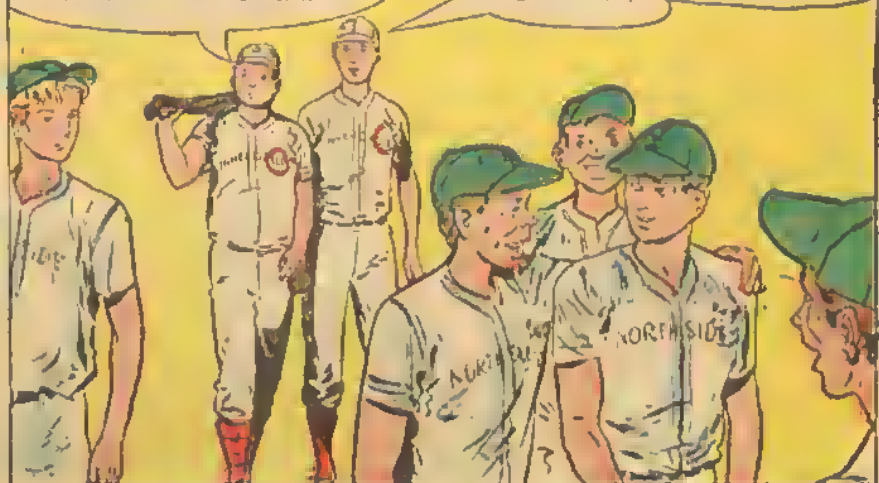
"WELL- WE LOST O' COURSE

3 TO 1 AND I WAS IN THE DOG HOUSE WITH MY INNER CIRCLE TEAM, JOE OF COURSE WAS THE BIG HERO...

BUT SID... I SAW HIM WATCHING... AFTERWARDS WHEN THEY WERE CHEERING HIS BROTHER ON THE WAY HOME."

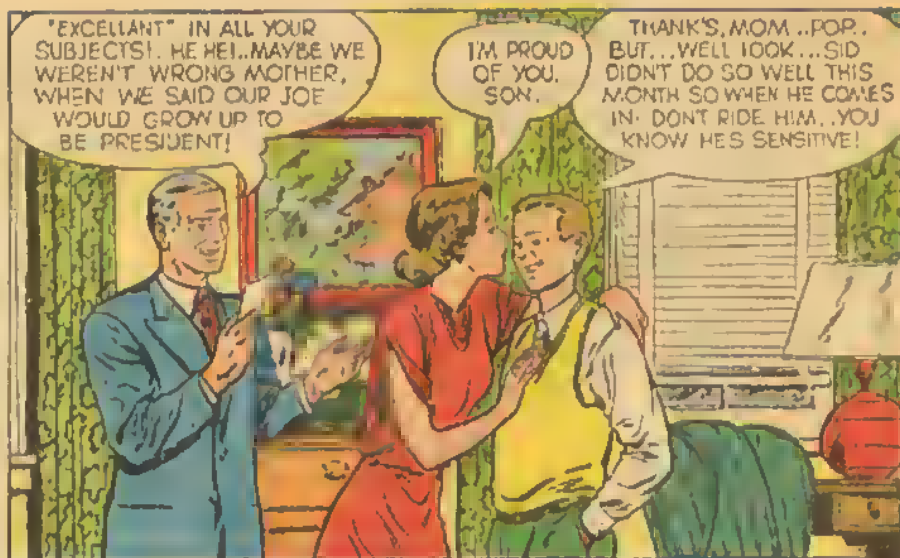
BOY HE SURE DOESN'T LOOK HAPPY THAT HIS BROTHER 'WON THE GAME FOR 'EM!

ANYTHING BUT, BIFF, HE SEEMS TO HATE HIS BROTHER... WONDER WHAT'S BEHIND IT?





"IT WAS AN UNNATURAL SITUATION SO I GOT INTERESTED... NOW THAT IT'S ALL OVER, I CAN GIVE YOU THE FACTS AS I EITHER SAW OR HEARD ABOUT 'EM. . . Y'SEE IT WASN'T JUST IN SPORTS THAT JOE WAS BETTER THAN SID."



"EXCELLANT" IN ALL YOUR SUBJECTS! HE HE!..MAYBE WE WEREN'T WRONG MOTHER, WHEN WE SAID OUR JOE WOULD GROW UP TO BE PRESIDENT!

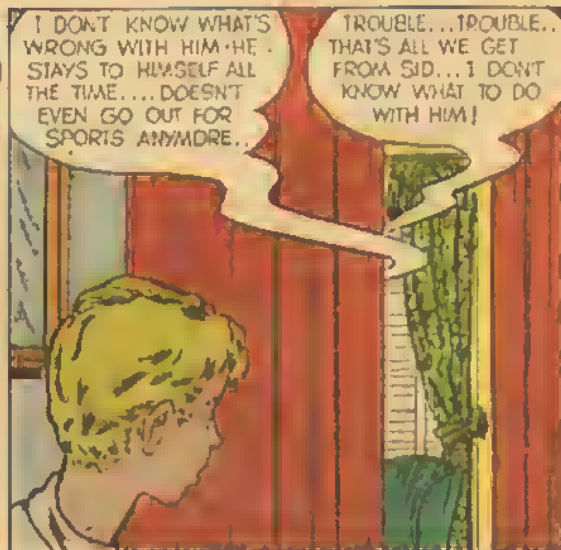
I'M PROUD OF YOU, SON.

THANK'S, MOM..POP.. BUT...WE'LL LOOK...SID DIDN'T DO SO WELL THIS MONTH SO WHEN HE COMES IN- DON'T RIDE HIM..YOU KNOW HES SENSITIVE!



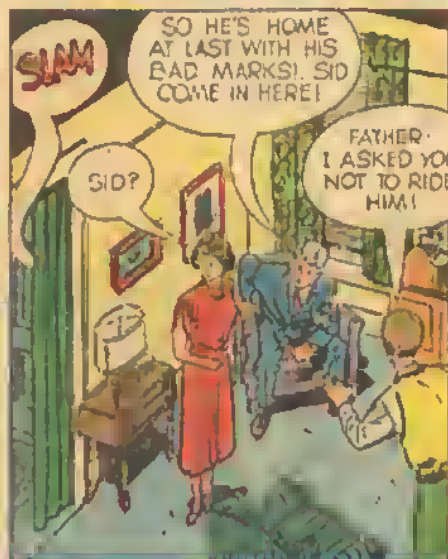
THAT SID! WHAT DID WE DO TO DESERVE A SON LIKE THAT?..POOR MARKS AGAIN!

HE'S NOT AS BRIGHT AS JOE THAT'S ALL.. HE DOES THE BEST HE CAN, HE'S A GOOD BOY!



I DONT KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM..HE STAYS TO HIMSELF ALL THE TIME.... DOESN'T EVEN GO OUT FOR SPORTS ANYMORE..

TROUBLE...TROUBLE.. THAT'S ALL WE GET FROM SID... I DONT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!

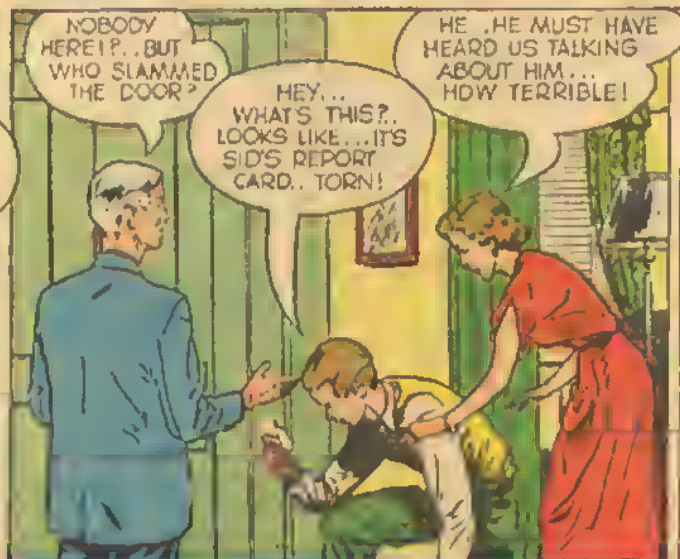


SLAM

SO HE'S HOME AT LAST WITH HIS BAD MARKS! SID COME IN HERE!

SID?

FATHER- I ASKED YOU NOT TO RIDE HIM!



NOBODY HERE!P...BUT WHO SLAMMED THE DOOR?

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?.. LOOKS LIKE...IT'S SID'S REPORT CARD.. TORN!

HE..HE MUST HAVE HEARD US TALKING ABOUT HIM... HOW TERRIBLE!



"PUT YOURSELF IN SID'S BOOTS- OR MAYBE YOU'RE IN 'EM... OR IN A SITUATION LIKE HIS... THE BIG BROTHER A HERO, AND YOU, AT 15 YEARS OLD A FAILURE. THAT'S WHAT SID WAS FEELING ABOUT HIMSELF. HE WANTED TO DO THINGS TO MAKE HIS PARENTS EVEN HIS BROTHER PROUD... BUT NO SOAP..."

THEY'RE ALL AGAINST ME... IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING. JUST ONE THING BETTER'N JOE...



"HIS CONTINUED BAD MARKS MADE HIM HATE SCHOOL... HE COULDN'T STUDY BECAUSE HE WAS MISERABLE IT FINALLY GOT TO A POINT WHERE ONE DAY..."

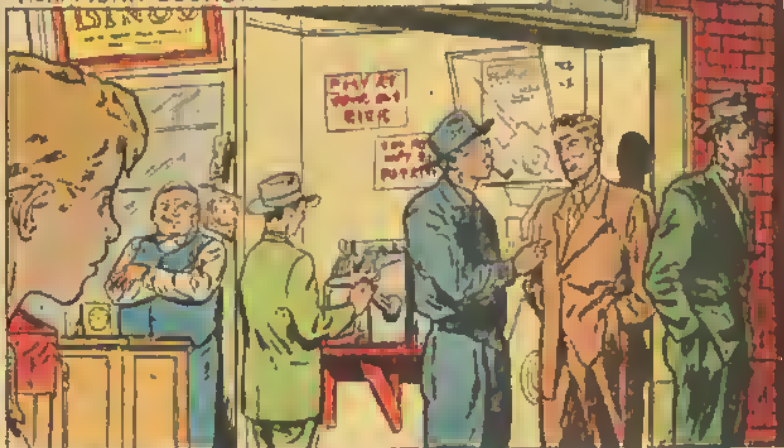
I CAN'T GO... I JUST CAN'T GO IN THERE TODAY...



IM GONNA DITCH... WHAT'S THE DIF? IF THEY BAWL ME OUT FOR ONE MORE THING?



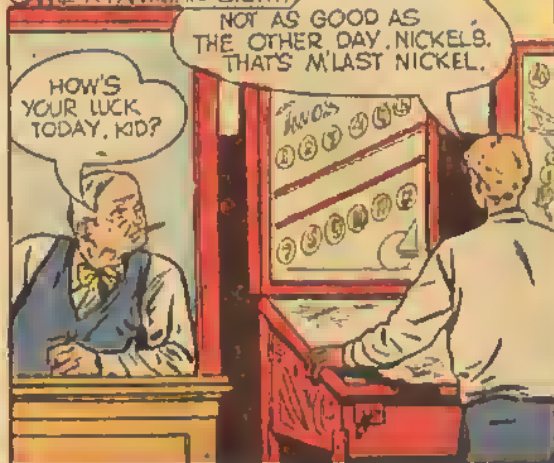
"HE WAS AFRAID TO HANG AROUND HIS OWN NEIGHBORHOOD IN CASE SOMEBODY WOULD SEE HIM... SO HE SPENT HIS TIME AROUND THE HONKYTONK SECTION OF TOWN..."



"AT LEAST TWO OR THREE DAYS A WEEK HE DUCKED SCHOOL TO SEE 10¢ MOVIES AND PLAY PIN-BALL MACHINES... HE BECAME A FAMILIAR SIGHT."

NOT AS GOOD AS THE OTHER DAY, NICKELS. THAT'S MY LAST NICKEL.

HOW'S YOUR LUCK TODAY, KID?

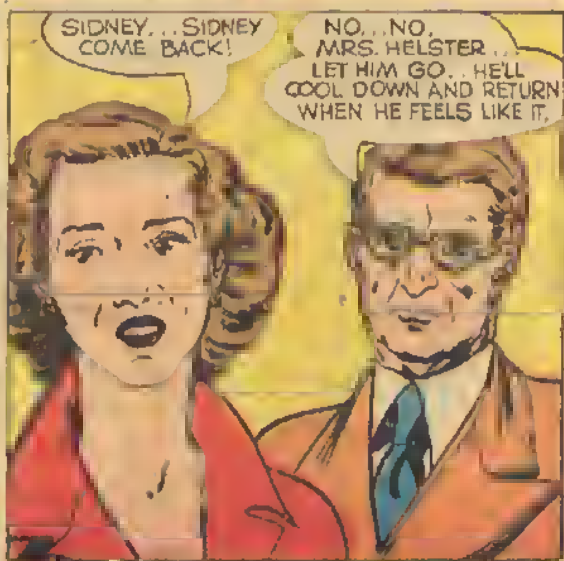
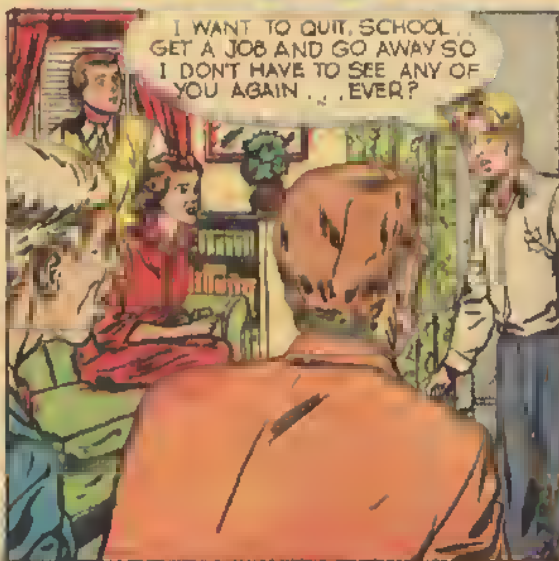
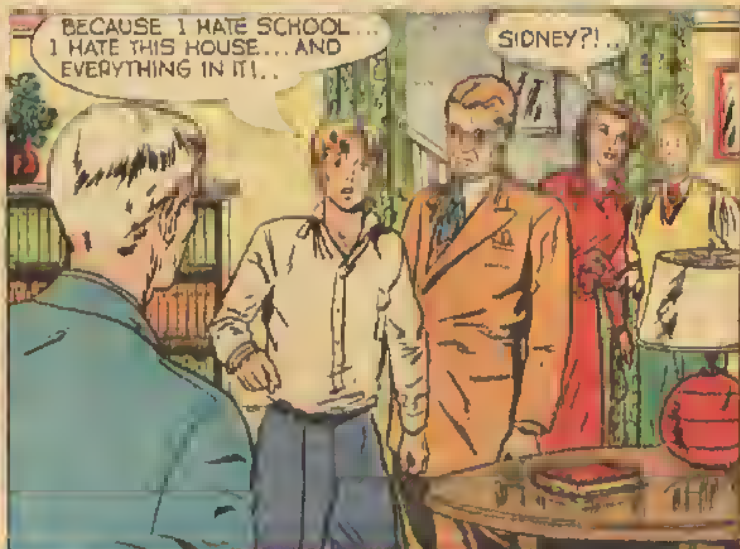
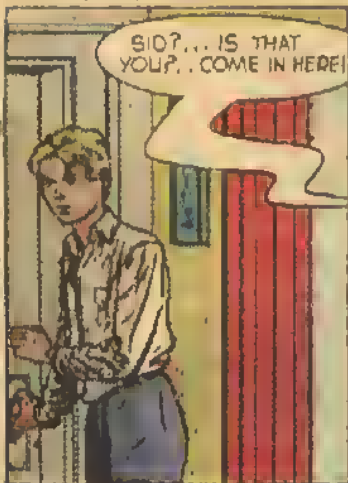


HERE'S A COUPLE O' BUCKS WORTH. PAY ME BACK WHEN YOU'RE WINNERS!

HUH? TH. THANKS 'NICKELS'... THANKS A LOT!



"AT THE END OF A FEW WEEKS OF BEING TRUANT SID CAME HOME ONE NIGHT AND SMELLED TROUBLE"



"THE NEXT DAY, MR. JOHNSON CAME TO SEE ME AT INNER CIRCLE HEADQUARTERS..."

CHICK - YOU AND THE INNER CIRCLE HAVE DONE A LOT TO HELP UNFORTUNATE KIDS... I WANT YOU TO GET SIDNEY HELSTER INTERESTED IN THE INNER CIRCLE....

I KNOW HIM... HE'S JOE HELSTER'S BROTHER... A RATHER MOODY FELLA...

I DON'T KNOW YET WHAT THE CAUSE IS... BUT HE HATES HIS HOME, HIS... SCHOOL... HE NEEDS FRIENDS TO BEGIN WITH... I'D LIKE YOU TO GET HIM INTERESTED IN THE INNER CIRCLE...

ALWAYS GLAD TO GET NEW MEMBERS... I'LL INVITE HIM TO DROP AROUND...

"SO THE NEXT DAY..."

BIFF'S KIND OF SLOW OUT THERE IN LEFT FIELD, SID... OUR BIG GAME IS COMING UP WITH YOUR BROTHERS TEAM FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE CITY AND I THOUGHT...

YOU MEAN YOU WANT ME TO PLAY AGAINST MY OLD NEIGHBORHOOD TEAM?

SURE... SURE!... I'D LIKE TO!

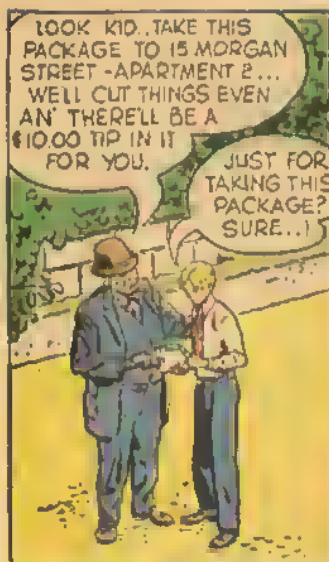
GOOD REPORT FOR I'D PRACTICE IN AN HOUR...

HEY KID... WHERE YOU BEEN KEEPIN' YOURSELF?

HUH?... OH, NICKELS!... G-GOSH-WATCHA DOIN' AROUND HERE?

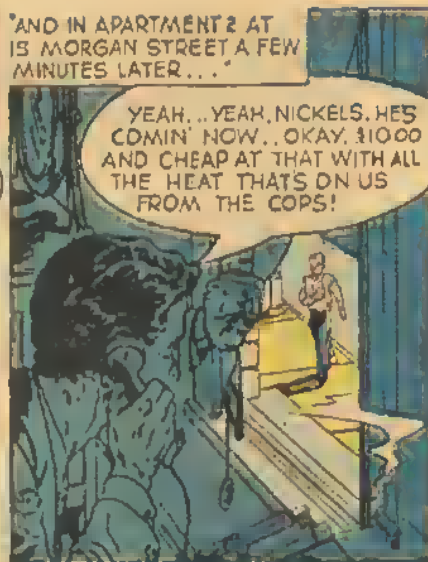
I LOANED YOU SOME DOUGH... REMEMBER?... I WANT IT BACK.

BUT... BUT... WELL I DON'T HAVE IT NOW... I'LL... I'LL PAY YOU WHEN I GET SOME MONEY.



LOOK KID, TAKE THIS PACKAGE TO 15 MORGAN STREET -APARTMENT 2... WELL CUT THINGS EVEN AN' THERE'LL BE A \$10.00 TIP IN IT FOR YOU.

JUST FOR TAKING THIS PACKAGE? SURE...!



"AND IN APARTMENT 2 AT 15 MORGAN STREET A FEW MINUTES LATER..."

YEAH...YEAH, NICKELS. HE'S COMIN' NOW... OKAY, \$10.00 AND CHEAP AT THAT WITH ALL THE HEAT THAT'S ON US FROM THE COPS!



HERE'S YOUR TIP KID... I'LL TAKE THE PACKAGE... THANKS!

UH... THANK YOU!



"TEN BUCKS FOR DELIVERING A PACKAGE!.. NOT BAD! AND TO MAKE IT BETTER, SID FOUND OUT HE COULD EARN HIMSELF \$10 EVERYDAY BY DELIVERING ONE JUST LIKE THAT. BUT HE WAS LATE FOR PRACTICE ALL THE TIME, WHICH MADE ME BEGIN TO WONDER...NATURALLY, I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT HIS JOB WITH 'NICKELS' AT THE TIME...."



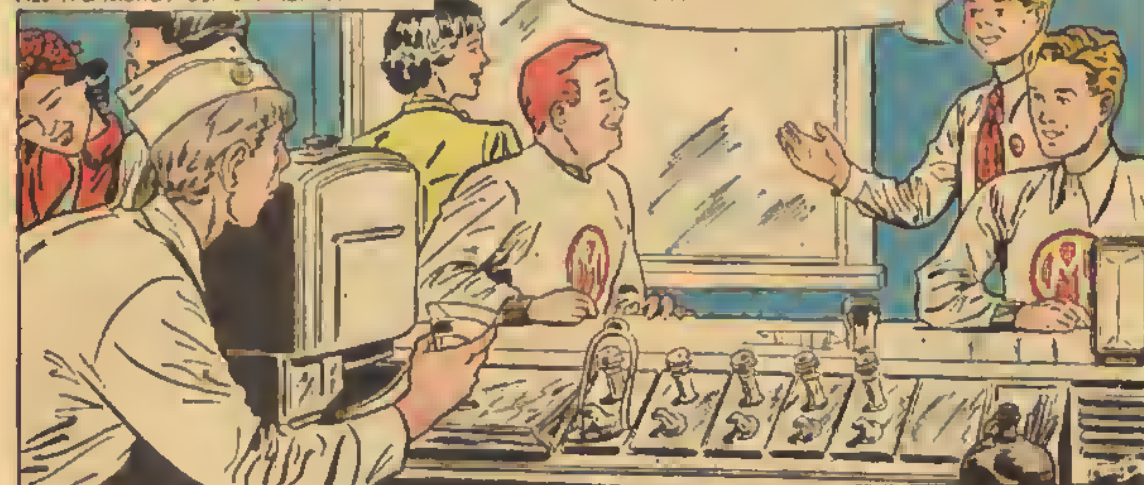
LOOK, SID-WITH THE GAME ONLY A WEEK AWAY, I'D THINK YOU'D GET TO PRACTICE ON TIME...

SORRY, BUT I GOT A JOB AFTER SCHOOL... TAKES ME A LITTLE WHILE...

"I BEGAN TO WONDER - WHAT KIND OF A JOB HE COULD GET DONE IN A HALF HOUR AND HAVE THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON FOR PRACTICE..."

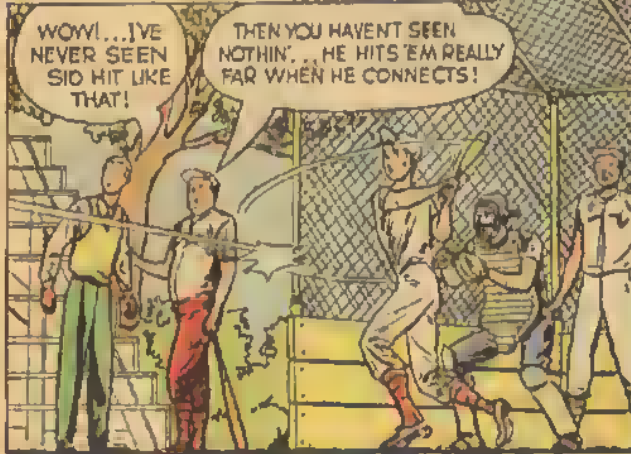


"AND HIS HABIT OF PAYING FOR SODAS AFTER EVERY PRACTICE...WHERE DID ALL THE MONEY COME FROM?..."

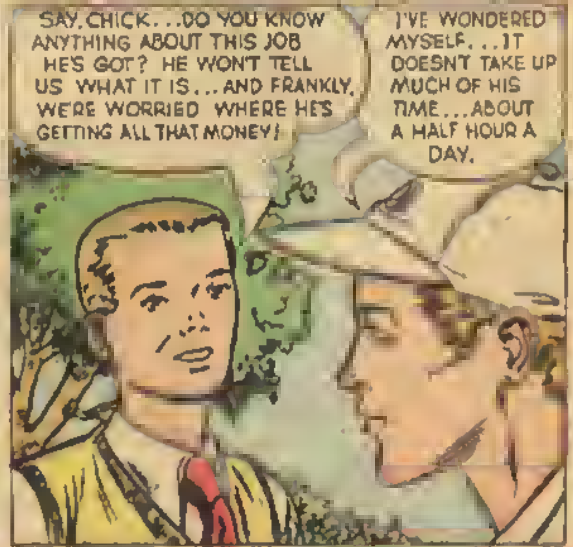
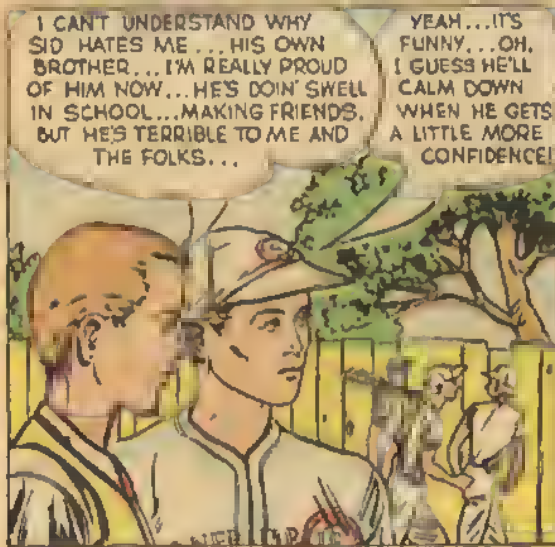


GIVE 'EM ANYTHING THEY WANT! ...I'M PAYIN' AS USUAL!

"A COUPLE OF DAYS BEFORE THE BIG GAME, JOE CAME AROUND TO SEE WHAT WE LOOKED LIKE... HE CAME JUST AT THE RIGHT MOMENT- SID HAD CONNECTED WITH MY FAST BALL...



"A FEW MINUTES LATER WHEN PRACTICE WAS OVER..."



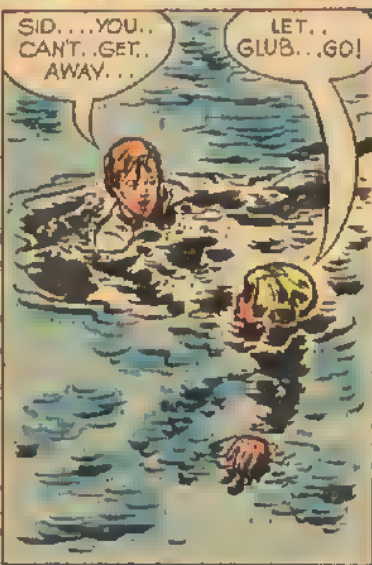
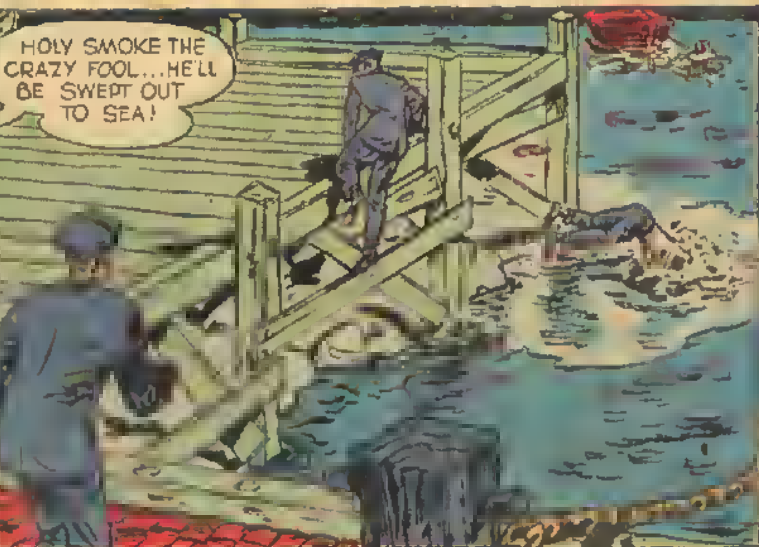
"THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED THE NEXT DAY... SID HADN'T SHOWN UP FOR PRACTICE AND WHEN WE WERE FOLDING UP TO GO HOME, SUE CAME OUT TO THE FIELD WITH THE EVENING PAPER,..."



"THE POLICE DRAGNET CLOSED IN, DRIVING SID DOWN TO THE WATER FRONT. . . SUE AND I STUCK IN A POLICE CAR HOPING WE COULD TALK HIM INTO GIVING UP. . . THEN WE SAW HIM! . . ."



"A MINUTE LATER, SUE LET OUT A SCREAM. . ."



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING.. TO DO... AND I DID IT!.."



"THEY GOT US TO SHORE ALL RIGHT AND THE RESCUE WAS COMPLETED WITHOUT FURTHER INCIDENT..."

GOOD WORK, CHICK...

HELL, HE'LL BE OKAY... THANKS!

"WELL THINGS DIDNT WORK OUT BAD FOR SID AFTER ALL... YOU SEE, SID HAD A GOOD FRIEND IN MR JOHNSON WHO WAS A WORKER FOR THE FAMILY COUNSEL AGENCY."

YOUR HONOR, SIDNEY ISNT A BAD BOY... A SERIES OF CIRCUMSTANCES WORKED AGAINST HIM TO PUT HIM IN THIS PREDICAMENT... JAIL ISNT GOING TO HELP HIM....

I'LL PUT HIM IN YOUR CUSTODY MR. JOHNSON BUT I WANT A WEEKLY REPORT ON HIS PROGRESS..

"THAT BEGAN A SERIES OF VISITS BETWEEN MR. JOHNSON AND SID.. YOU SEE, MR. JOHNSON WAS ABLE TO TELL SID WHERE HE WAS GOING WRONG..."

YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND, SID- YOU ARE AS GOOD AS YOUR BROTHER... BUT YOU TRY SO HARD TO BE AS GOOD THAT YOU BECOME EMOTIONAL AND OFTEN FAIL.... IT MAKES YOU FEEL INFERIOR..

YOU MEAN, I SHOULD TAKE IT EASY... NOT CARE WHAT JOE DOES OR HOW GOOD HE DOES IT?

EXACTLY!.. LOOK HOW MUCH GOOD THE CONFIDENCE OF HAVING MONEY IN YOUR POCKET DID.. EVEN THOUGH IT WAS THE WRONG WAY TO GET IT.

THAT'S RIGHT!.. I WAS GOOD IN SPORTS.. SCHOOL.. THINGS WERE MUCH BETTER.. OTHER KIDS LIKED ME.

THEY'RE GOING TO LIKE YOU ANYWAY... EVEN IF YOU HAVEN'T MONEY TO SPEND. DON'T EXPECT ANYTHING FROM ANYBODY... LIKING.. DISLIKING. JUST BE A GOOD GUY, AND ALWAYS GIVE YOUR BEST!

AND YOU THINK, WELL... I'LL... GET ALONG?

I'M SURE OF IT!.. AND IF YOU HAVE PROBLEMS.. WITH THE FAMILY, OR SCHOOL.. OR FRIENDS. BRING THEM TO ME AT THE COUNSEL AGENCY.. WE'LL WORK 'EM OUT TOGETHER!

GEE THANKS! YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT... AND I'LL SURE TRY HARD, MR JOHNSON!

"IT TOOK AWHILE FOR SID TO LOOK AT THINGS WITHOUT FEELIN' THE WORLD WAS AGAINST HIM.. BUT THE AGENCY SHOWED HIM THE WAY... JUST LIKE THEY CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY, IF YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE.. LOOK 'EM UP IN YOUR TOWN, THEY'RE THERE TO HELP YOU!



Shadow comics

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

CHICK CARTER'S INNER CIRCLE THE SITE OF DEATH!

"The murder took place in the dead man's office. He was a booking agent and somehow the grinning photographs on the wall of mid-gets, giants, tap dancers, singers, magicians, jugglers and other variety acts all inscribed 'To Ben, the best agent there ever was . . . Love . . .' signed with a myriad pen names, all combined to make the scene of death more horrible."

Nick Carter stared off into space, seemed to forget all about the interested members of the Inner Circle who leaned forward, all their attention focussed on the great manhunter.

"Ben's secretary had seen the whole thing . . . or thought she had. Her desk chair in the reception room was at such an angle that she could see almost all of Ben's room. She had been typing and answering the phone most of the time, but she could see what transpired in her boss' office.

"That's the only reason that we know the whole macabre set-up!

"Her attention had been distracted at only one time and that for but a few seconds. Major Majestic, the world's tallest human being had called on the phone in a fury about some business matter or other. He was all set to tear Ben from limb to limb according to his tirade.

"She had quieted the giant down and then had returned to watching her boss. There was a reason. That reason was the new television set that Ben had had installed that very afternoon. So many of his acts were working on television that he had to have a set in order to check up on what they were doing.

"It was one of the smaller sets about two feet square with a screen about eight by ten inches. The secretary was waiting for five o'clock

for it was then that her pet crush, a singer, was to go on television for the first time.

"She watched her pudgy boss fiddling with the knobs and dials as the clock reached five. He had turned the current on and was waiting for the set to heat up when he called out, 'I don't want to be disturbed while this act is on.'

"The office was empty but for Ben and his secretary. Most of the work was over for the day. Outside of the phone there was not much chance of any interruption.

"The secretary took a last look at the switch board to be sure there were no incoming calls. It was then that she heard a tinkle of glass. She glanced into Ben's office. He was bent over the television set, his hands on the control knobs.

"All she could see was his back. But she could hear his voice, for he screamed, 'Don't . . . don't . . . you're mad . . . insane . . . Don't . . .' and then . . . a shot rang out!"

Nick paused and took a sip of water. He held up his hand for attention. "Now remember, that although the girl got a little hysterical at this point, she still was in complete control of her faculties. She says there was no one in the office with her boss. The window was closed and locked on the inside because of a flurry of bad weather. She was sitting right outside the only door. No one came in or went out . . .

"And yet, jovial, stout, smiling Ben Barran was dead. A crumpled heap in front of a broken television set with pieces of shattered glass all around him.

"When we, the police and I, got there the girl was still sobbing but was coherent. When we had heard her story one thing seemed quite

clear. There had to be a death device of some kind inside of the television set. I could visualize some kind of arrangement that held a pistol pointed at the inside of the screen so that anyone sitting in front of it looking at the screen would inevitably be shot in the head. A simple control fastened to the on-off switch would set off the gun.

"Yes, I could visualize all that with no trouble." Nick shook his head. "The only fault was that when we ripped the set open there was nothing inside of it. No gun, no gun trap . . . no works . . . that is, no television apparatus. It was an empty mahogany box!"

A ripple of interest went through Nick's audience. The members whispered to each other. The thing was incredible to put it mildly! A room with no one in it but the dead man . . . with no gun . . . and no way for the gun and the killer to have gotten out of the room! They waited, looking at Nick, wondering if even he had been able to figure out what had happened.

Nick said, "I must confess that when we opened the set and found it empty, I was almost dazed. I have never met anything so unexpected in all my years of man hunting!"

"I stood stock still in the middle of that little room with the grinning faces of Ben's performers leering down at me. I looked at his desk. It was cluttered with papers. Behind it was his chair. The set had been on the desk till we had moved it to the only other chair in the room. To one side of the room was a small suitcase, with a screen in one end of it like the ones that people use to carry pet dogs in. Through the mesh at one end of the suitcase we could see the pert little face of a toy fox terrier.

"He wiggled his cropped ears at us. Except for the dog there was no sign of anything in the room but the corpse.

"I looked around me again with my brain doing absolutely nothing. It felt about as active as a piece of calf's liver. I just had no ideas at all.

"Outside in the reception room I heard an angry voice raised. I spun around. Major Majestic, the giant who had called up on the

phone, the one whose picture was right over my head, was arguing with one of the policemen who was standing on guard at the entrance.

The giant said, 'Agent . . . Ball . . . they're a dime a dozen . . . what's it to me if Ben's dead? I want my dog. I left him here this afternoon. He must be hungry. I'm going to get him and I don't care how many cops try to stop me!'

"Looking up at him, having to crane my neck to see his face I felt like a midget. Right then, of course, I had the answer. Fearing what he might do if there was a rough house in the little room, I let him get almost to the outside door before I signaled to the police to grab the suitcase from him.

"It was a titanic tussle. If they hadn't had guns I don't suppose they could have stopped him. But finally under the threatening noses of four pistols, he put down the suitcase and raised his hands. He said 'You got wise, huh? I don't care . . . he's better dead!'

"The police had obeyed me without knowing why I had given the command I had. I stood over the suitcase and said, 'Isn't it getting a little close in there? You may as well come out. The jig is up!'

"We all stared at the suitcase. Nothing happened. I said, 'You made it too impossible. There's only one way it could have worked! You took the guts out of the television set and hid in it. You shot Ben through the screen. When the girl turned away you ducked out of the set and got in there with the dog. Come out!'

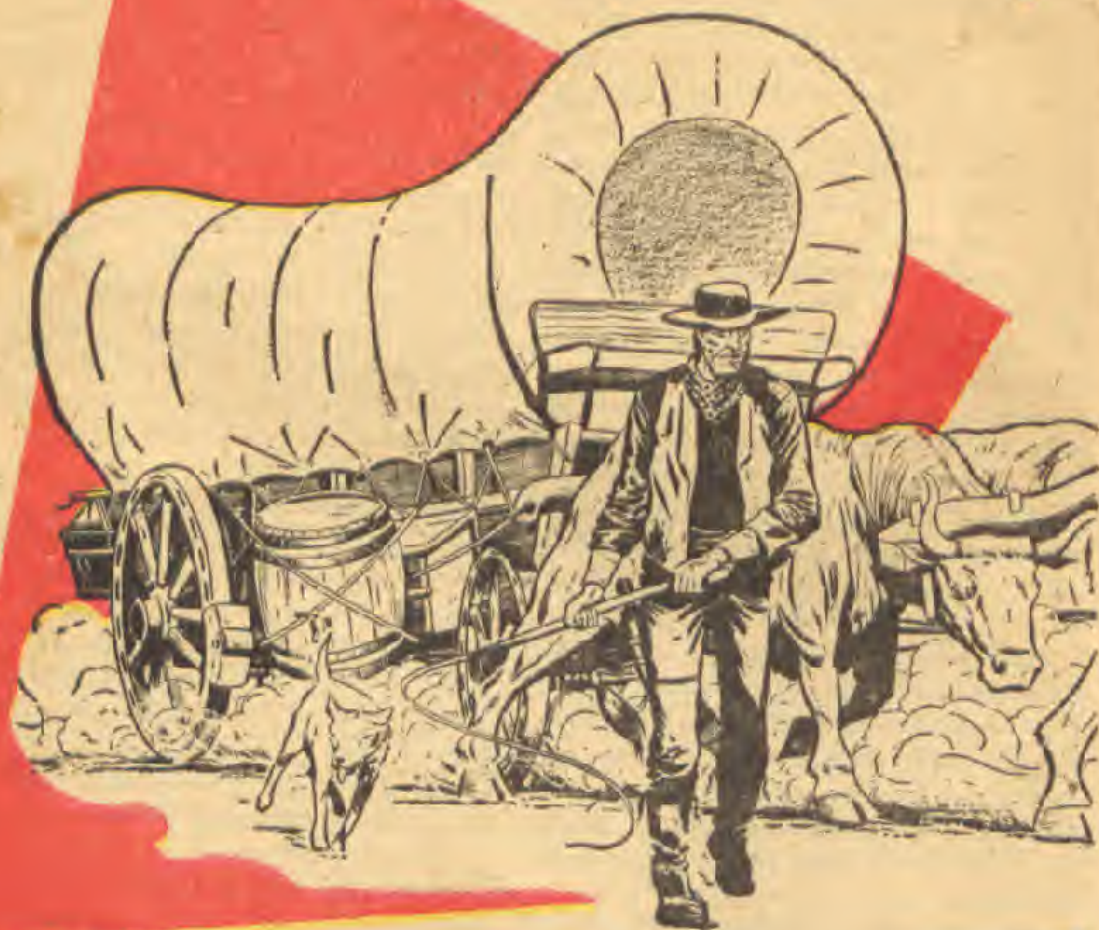
Nick picked up his hat and said, "The little midget looked more angry at the giant than at us. He squeaked, 'You big dumb fool! Why didn't you fight? Why didn't you get me out? Fough . . . it serves me right for doing your killing for you!'

"The giant took the calling down as a matter of course. It was clear that the midget had been the brains behind the killing. We found out later that the midget thought he was being cheated by Ben . . ."

The meeting ended on a sombre note. Nick said, "The sight of death turned out to be . . . the site of death . . ."

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